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THE CHRISTIAN STUDENT.

MEMOIR OF

ISAAC JENNISON, JR. 7

Late a Student of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

CONTAINING HIS

BIOGRAPHY, DIARY, AND LETTERS.

BY EDWARD OTHEMAN.

"Thou art taken from us, brother, all thy cares and labours done,
When to our short-sighted vision they had seem'd but just begun;
And long before its noon was reach'd, thy heaven-enkindling ray
Was lost, as stars by sunlight fade, in cloudless, endless day."

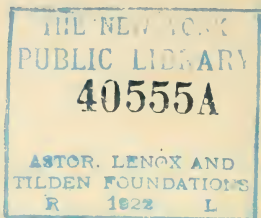
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P R E F A C E .

THESE pages record the brief history of a pious and devoted youth. Though unknown to fame, he was loved and prized by many a disciple of Christ, as well as by his relatives and intimate friends. Several notices of his character and death appeared in Zion's Herald, and the writer has received from various sources gratifying testimonies to the lovely spirit, the cheerful piety, the consistent example of this young disciple of Jesus. His memory is blessed, and it is precious, like that of the just. He was one among the comparatively few who, searching out and realizing all the efficacy of Christianity to sustain and cheer the heart, to elevate and adorn the character, render it an object of desire and attraction even to the thoughtless and impenitent.

The dealings of God with the human soul are too solemn to be either trifled with or disregarded. While the reader shall examine these records of the heart, as part, at least, of these pages may well be called, let me caution him

to do it with seriousness and candour. Would the reader derive all the benefit he might from the perusal of this volume, he should begin, continue, and end it with fervent prayer. In preparing this little work for the press, I have felt my own heart animated to seek and hope for higher spiritual attainments; and if, in its perusal, but one individual shall receive spiritual aid, I shall not regret my labour. It is my earnest prayer, however, that it may be made a blessing to many, both old and young. Parents may here see the benefit and recompense of training their children in wisdom's ways; and the young may find, in our subject, not only a delightful example of filial gratitude and affection, and fraternal love, but also an illustration of the value of religion in fitting them for usefulness, happiness, and heaven.

I choose to give the narrative as far as possible in the language of our subject, and, for this reason, the book is composed chiefly of his diary and letters, which I have endeavoured so to arrange, and connect together with remarks of my own, as to give distinctness and compactness to the whole, and to aid the reflections of the reader.

THE AUTHOR.

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MEMOIR
OF
ISAAC JENNISON, JR.

CHAPTER I.

His parentage and birth—Early dispositions—Enters the Wesleyan Academy in Wilbraham—Awakening and conversion—Re-enters the Wesleyan Academy—Teaches school—Letters to his parents.

ISAAC JENNISON, the subject of the following Memoir, was the son of Rev. Isaac and Mary Jennison, of Natick, Massachusetts. The parents still survive, and are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the father having been, for many years, a preacher of the gospel, either in the travelling or local ministry of that church. Isaac Jennison, Jr., was born the first day of September, 1815. "From his infancy," says his father, "it was evident that he possessed a more than ordinarily mild and pleasing disposition." Such a disposition is very essential to the comfort of the individual, and of the domestic and social circle, and is sometimes mistaken for moral goodness, and made a substitute for divine grace. We shall discover,

however, that while this disposition opened young Jennison's heart to all the charities and sympathies of social life, and to all the beauties and harmonies of nature, it was far from constituting either the source, nature, or efficiency of that religious character for which he became distinguished.

"He was more fond of books," adds his father, "than is usual for children." Thus he seemed naturally fitted to become a happy and successful student. His interest in the social relations, his love and admiration of the objects of nature, and his fondness for reading and study, laid the foundation for that amiability of manners, that cheerfulness of spirit, and that proficiency in his literary pursuits, which endeared him to his friends, and afforded great promise of usefulness either in retired or public life. It was this natural aptitude for study which induced his parents to exert themselves to secure him an education, wisely following the indications of Providence in developing those tendencies which seemed calculated for a worthy and useful end.

His father also states that he was very industrious and diligent in his general habits—always attentive to the business which he had to do. His father was sure if, on going away, he had given him any trust to discharge, to find, on his return, that it was faithfully and fully accomplished. This fidelity and industry we shall find to have been characteristic of all his engagements in subsequent life. This habit of

assiduous application led to thoroughness and ease in learning and in teaching, and was a guarantee of success in any calling to which he might have devoted himself. As well, too, in his religious, as in his literary pursuits, shall we see this trait of character exemplified.

In the early part of the summer of 1825, Mr. Jennison, who was then a member of the New-England Annual Conference, was appointed to Wilbraham, Mass., where the Methodists were about opening the Wesleyan Academy, under the auspices of Dr. Fisk. Isaac, now ten years old, became one of the seven scholars with whom the school commenced. He was thus early favoured with the means of gratifying a taste for literary pursuits. To this village and the institution he ever entertained a strong attachment, which seemed to "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength," and which also served to develop and strengthen the social qualities of his heart. He remained in the academy during the two years in which his father was stationed in Wilbraham.

"At the age of twelve," says his father, "during a revival in Wilbraham, under the faithful labours of the Rev. J. N. Maffit, he became a subject of pardoning mercy, with several other members of the school, and for some months he delighted in prayer and in the service of his Saviour. But, like too many children, he subsequently became rude and careless, and continued so until his sixteenth year." In this interval he resided with his parents, where

his father received his appointments, and "was subject unto them." In his sixteenth year a violent fever brought him near the grave. At this time the Lord again aroused his attention, and he became sensible of his sinful and wretched condition. This occasion he refers to with much interest in some lines subsequently addressed to his mother. Then he vowed to seek the face of God. His father prayed earnestly for his recovery, and during the prayer he had what he supposed to be a vision of some of the heavenly host, among whom he discovered the form of a little brother who had died some time previously, and who now appeared "at rest on glory's bed." This was, probably, a vivid impression on the imagination, permitted for the purpose of arousing him from his moral insensibility, and of leading him to think of spiritual and eternal realities. But while, for a time, he seemed affected by the scenes through which he had passed, still, neither the affliction, the vision, nor his vows sufficed to restrain his wayward steps, and fix him in the path of obedience. He still wandered from God and from peace. It was not till September, 1832, that he experienced that thorough change of his moral character which ever after filled him with joy and gratitude, and which he looked upon as the commencement of his religious career—the goal from which he started in the race for eternal life. From that time he ran steadily the race which was set before him, pressing continually "toward the

mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The circumstances of this memorable event are too interesting to be omitted. I find them detailed in a communication from Rev. Franklin Fisk, a relative and particular friend of his, published in *Zion's Herald*, Sept. 22, 1841, from which I take the liberty to make the following extract:—

"It was nine years ago, this month, that he was taken, by his father, to a camp-meeting in Lincoln, Mass. Here he met several of his companions in youthful folly, to whose society he tenaciously adhered till the last day of the meeting. The last public prayer circle was formed, and the final invitation had been given to the awakened to present themselves as subjects of prayer, but Isaac was not to be found. In vain his anxious father 'sought him among his kinsfolk and acquaintance.' He had retired alone from the scene of prayer, lest he might be persuaded to enter it. But his father's anxiety was irrepressible, and he entered the circle, and gave his son up to God in vocal prayer. His words reached the ears of the secluded boy, and went like a dagger to his heart. Soon he was seen making his way through the crowd, bathed with tears of penitence. Just within the circle he fell upon his knees, and (as I have repeatedly heard him say) was immediately delivered from his burden, and joy and praise began to spring up in his soul. That it was the Spirit's genuine work, every succeeding day of his life gave

increasing evidence. So did he grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that I think it has not been my privilege to be acquainted with a young Christian who excelled him in uniform, exemplary piety."

'The sudden change of feeling and of moral character experienced by young Isaac, is by no means an unprecedented case. The only peculiarity in this instance is, the apparently short time during which he was under conviction. But this time was undoubtedly long enough for a sinner to decide whether he would longer be a rebel against God, or would become his servant. Doubtless, too, the shortness of time of his repentance was only seeming, and was not the true period of his conviction. He had been a child of prayers, of pious counsel, and of frequent awakening; and he had, as was afterward ascertained, been stifling his convictions during the meeting; but now he could refrain no longer—he yielded at once to the power of truth, his heart was broken, he placed himself in the way of the Saviour's notice, and was at once set free from the bondage of sin. And, as our authority states, his subsequent history gave satisfactory proof that the change which he experienced was a thorough, spiritual, saving change. God grant that we may see multitudes of conversions as real, proved by as blessed results!

It was on the 14th day of September, about five o'clock, P. M., that the peace of God took

possession of his heart. His father, speaking of this occasion, says, "Then and there he gave himself to God in a manner that ever after produced such a sense of obligation as led him to rejoice that he had committed his all to his Saviour; and in his service he was resolved to live, and in that service die. To this meeting and the circumstances he delighted often to refer. From this time he began to think more seriously of living for the good of others, and of preparing himself for future usefulness.

Some time in the year 1833, he again entered as a student at the Wesleyan Academy in Wilbraham. "During his continuance here," says his pastor, in a short biographical notice, contained in *Zion's Herald* of June 30, 1841, "he made commendable progress in his studies, and, which is more, grew in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." It appears by a letter which he wrote to his cousin, now the Rev. Franklin Fisk, already named, that he spent the winter of 1833-4 in Natick, his native town, teaching school; and that he designed to spend the ensuing spring and summer in some manual employment, and resume his studies at Wilbraham in the fall of 1834. He also at this time made his calculations to enter college, expecting to teach school in the winter till he should have finished his course.

The social disposition of young Jennison prompted him to maintain quite a frequent and

extensive correspondence with his friends. These he cherished with the warmest affection; separation from them was always painful to him. He wrote to them that he might live in their remembrance. He had a pleasant letter for them when absent, as he had always a pleasant word and smile for them, and for every one, when present. Since he has left many letters, and, for the latter years of his life, a pretty full journal, either daily, weekly, or occasional, I shall, as intimated in the preface, allow these writings to convey their own impression of his character, which will thus be more accurately, and, I trust, satisfactorily delineated than by any description of my own. These papers will also, of course, detail the states of his mind, and the incidents of his life, with all the freshness and interest of truth and present reality. Thus, too, we shall be led to think in his own thoughts, and to enter intimately into his feelings and mental exercises.

He spent the winter of 1835-6 in teaching school in Natick, where his father, having located, then resided, and returned to Wilbraham in the spring of 1836, where he wrote to his parents as follows :—

“ Wilbraham, March 20, 1836.

“BELOVED PARENTS,—While I have been permitted to mingle again in the company of those who are pressing to the summit of the hill of science, I have found, at the same time, those who are on their journey to the New Je-

rusalem. Our rooms and the dining hall have echoed with the exclamations of full, overflowing hearts. At evening, when the sun drops behind the western hills, we assemble in some one of the rooms, and mingle our faith and prayers for the blessing of Heaven. Nor should I speak an untruth, if I should say, that in a good degree we realize the answer to them. Nay, my soul is a witness. I praise the Lord that since I came here I have enjoyed myself better than while at Natick. 'Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths' that I have travelled 'are paths of peace.' For the glory of God do I desire to live, and for his honour burn. At present I feel firmly fixed in the enjoyment of religion. For the riches of the East or West; for the privilege of sitting on a monarch's throne, and swaying a mighty sceptre; yea, for the planet on which we dwell, I would not exchange the religion of Jesus Christ. For when, with Moses, I look into futurity, I behold thrones crumbling, crowns fading, sceptres tarnishing, and the glory of all things earthly fleeing away. Yea, when I think of the final convulsion of nature, the crushing of worlds, and the tremendous day of judgment, with him, I choose 'to suffer affliction with the people of God,' and to live with a wise reference to eternity.

"Since writing the above I have been down to meeting in the dining hall. Truly I can say it was a melting time. Had you been there, I doubt not you would have rejoiced with exceed-

ing great joy. How we rejoiced when the melting Spirit of Jesus came upon us in answer to the prayers of our beloved teachers and fellow-students! Many were the testimonies in favour of the religion of Christ. Many were the sighs for the fulness of the salvation of the gospel. Some would say, Such a time I have never witnessed before. Great is the struggle for holiness. O that through Christ, by faith, we may obtain this blessing! I feel that if I were only endued with the power of holiness, in the name of the Lord I could shake the kingdom of darkness.

“When I look forth upon the wide world, and behold the condition of my fellow-men, I feel, in some degree, that the harvest is great, and that the faithful labourers are few. When I think that we must all meet in the eternal world, and that there perhaps the blood of souls will be found on the skirts of those who neglect their duty, what do you suppose are my feelings? I shall not describe them. May Heaven forbid that I should be deceived as to my designs and motives! I certainly desire to do and suffer the will of my Master here, that I may go up with the shining hosts above to praise the Lamb for ever.

“The midnight shades are gathering around me, which remind me of the night of death—the darkness of the tomb. You may ask, Do you fear its darkness? I feel now that if I were called to pass through the dark valley, Jesus, who has promised, would be my stay and staff.

Yea, this thought cheers me, that our ashes will not always sleep ; but when the archangel's trump shall sound, the mouldered atoms which have slumbered for ages will to each other cleave, and rise to bloom in eternal beauty. May I always feel thus, only increasingly so as life wears away !

“My love sincere to my brothers and sisters. I must bid you adieu, hoping and praying you may prosper both temporally and spiritually as the Lord may see it for his glory. In love,

“ISAAC JENNISON, JR.”

TO THE SAME.

“Wilbraham, June 25, 1836.

“BELOVED PARENTS,—My health at present is tolerable. The term thus far has glided pleasantly along, and almost imperceptibly to me. Time is not tardy in its flight, but rushes on to eternity with velocity. O time, thou art more precious than gold ; for couldst thou be bought with gold, thousands, who have died in their sins, would have bought a few, at least, of thy precious moments in which they might have prepared to meet the king of terrors with greater firmness. They did not realize thy value until they reached their awful destiny. God grant that I may make the best use of the few remaining, fleeting moments of my existence, so that when I come down to the vale of death, I may cast the last dim look upon this receding world with a smile, and, with more

than mortal vision, gaze upon the dazzling glories of the approaching, the eternal world.

"I have wished very much to hear from you. I have often been to the office, but found no letter for Isaac. I hope I am not obliterated from your memory; surely you are not from mine. It is not unfrequently the case that I sit down at the decline of day, and, by the power of the memory, call up before me my nearest and dearest earthly friends, and think of their parental love and care toward me from my birth, through all the changes of my brief experience. How various are my thoughts! While I indulge a few reflections on my former days, I am also led to think upon my future career. But this career may be short. Whether it be short or long, it is not at all probable that I shall dwell under my parental roof as many years to come as I already have done.

"O! my feelings are unutterable when I think of my duty to my fellow-men; when I bring before my mind a world lying in ruin, and so many passing off the stage of time, unprepared, into an awful eternity. Long, *long* have I thought of these things. To no one have I ever unbosomed myself. I and my God alone know the feelings I have had. I have said to myself, Never can I be the individual to stand between the living and the dead. But, my soul, let the will of Him from whom thou camest be done, for thou canst delight in nothing besides doing his will. Whether it be to lay this body beneath the clods of the far-off vale beyond the

Rocky Mountains ; to fall in the holy contest among the superstitions of South America ; or, like Cox and Wright, to sleep by Gambia's rolling flood ; O let the will of my heavenly Father be done !

"The more I study, the more I see the importance and utility of it ; and for this reason I most sincerely desire that all my brothers and sisters may employ their time so as, at least, to have a decent education. If it shall ever be in my power to aid them, cordially will I do it. Give my love to Mary, Charles, Harriet, Lorenzo, Robert ; yes, to all my friends. I am yours in much love,

I. JENNISON."

TO THE SAME.

"Wilbraham, Sept. 25, 1836.

"DEAR AND BELOVED PARENTS,—Again I resume my pen to address you ; and shall I not consider you still the same kind, affectionate, well-wishing parents ? God forbid that any other idea should ever possess my mind. Your life has reached its meridian, and the time is fast approaching when the scenes of earth will recede from your view, and the realities of eternity will burst upon your open vision ; yet, believe me, oft shall my prayer ascend, that each remaining hour may be happy, and that your sun of life may set at last

——'as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darken'd west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.'

“I feel that I am indebted to you not only for the many means of education with which I have been and still am favoured, but also for the moral and religious instructions which have fallen from your lips. Though in my younger days I did not heed them as I should, yet, I think, had it not been for your constant care and exhortations, I, like thousands not thus favoured, should have been drawn into the whirlpools of vice and folly, and, with passions unsubdued, should have dragged out my mortal existence in misery, and at last reaped the bitter fruit of my doings. But your pious hearts may say, ‘Give the glory to God.’ Yes, to him be supreme praise. But does not the holy Book say somewhere, ‘Her children rise up, and call her blessed?’

“O that all my brothers and sisters would obey their parents! O that they would endeavour to cultivate kind and peaceable dispositions toward each other, and so behave that a parent’s blessing may ever follow them! If they do not now estimate the worth of pious parents as they should, let them consider how they would feel were their dear father and mother sleeping in the tomb. They would then have no father to protect and assist in misfortune’s hour, no mother to soothe and cheer their drooping spirits, or to wipe away the tear of sorrow in the moment of affliction. My brothers and sisters, you are capable of understanding. I beseech you, as one who most tenderly loves you, to live as loving brothers and kind sisters

indeed, so that you may be a delight to your parents while now they are watching over you, and labouring for your temporal and eternal welfare ; that, if living, they may behold you with pleasure in future years, and that their gray hairs may not go down with sorrow to the grave.

“I close by wishing remembrance to all inquiring friends, and praying that peace, happiness, and prosperity may attend you and yours, and that in the eternal world a crown of unfading gems may deck your brow. As ever,
your dutiful son, ISAAC.”

The winter of 1836-7 he spent at home, pursuing some manual labour. He returned to Wilbraham early in the spring, or the very last of winter, where he wrote again to his parents as follows :—

“*Wilbraham, May 30, 1837.*

“VERY DEAR PARENTS,—I received yours of the 14th inst. in due season, the perusal of which excited emotions of great joy. What can be more gratifying to the feelings of a child than to learn that a parent’s blessing is pronounced upon him ? May the Lord forbid that I should ever cease to return the gratitude of *my* heart for the affection manifested by my dearest kindred upon earth. While I think of the fatherless and the orphan ; of the thousand ills and sorrows to which they are exposed in this heartless world, I would that my heart

were dissolved in thankfulness for the inestimable blessings with which I am favoured.

“Perhaps I may as well inform you that I had a commission handed me not long since, by the preacher in charge, to hold meetings according to the Discipline of the Methodist E. Church. I have twice attempted to stand up, and speak in honour of Jesus’ name. But what is the commission given by man? Did I not feel that I was commissioned by Heaven I should despair of success. In my first attempt I was much blessed, but in the second was rather depressed in spirit. Am engaged to go to Ludlow next sabbath. Love to all my friends.

“I. JENNISON, JR.”

CHAPTER II.

Commences a diary—Motives—Early rising—Preaches—Wilbraham a school of the prophets—Joins Bible class and band—Example commended—Love of nature—Sabbath reflections—Fourth of July—Holy desires—Excursion—Bearing the cross—Prepares to leave for Middletown.

I HAVE not discovered that the subject of this Memoir kept any private record of his feelings and of passing events up to this period of his history. On the 31st of May, 1837, it appears he commenced the practice, which he continued till attacked with his last sickness. What his

motives were in keeping a diary may be seen in the remarks and resolutions with which he commences. He says :—

“ Believing the daily practice of committing to paper a record of the transactions and important events that may daily occur to be highly beneficial in several respects, I have this evening, after reflection upon its utility, drawn up the following resolutions :

“ 1. That the daily practice of recording passing events will, with proper attention, tend to improve my hand-writing.

“ 2. That it will necessarily lead me to review and reflect on what I have said and done during the day.

“ 3. That a suitable expression of the spirit and manner in which I have conducted during the day, may serve as a criterion by which improvement may be made in my habits.”

His journal describes the routine of his daily exercises at Wilbraham. The usual hour of rising at the seminary was, in summer, half-past four. This practice of early rising in our seminaries is of incalculable advantage to the students, especially when it is connected with exercise in the open air. And the localities of the academy at Wilbraham afford most agreeable advantages for exercise by walking, of which our brother delighted to avail himself. The journal also contains evidence of the steady and social piety of our brother, in his regular practice of vocal prayer with his roommate, morning and evening—a very edifying

example for all in similar interesting companionship. He records :—

“ June 11.—This is the holy sabbath evening. The day has been pleasant. I have attempted once more to proclaim the gospel of Jesus. I am unworthy to bear the vessels of the Lord; yet how glorious is the work, if Jesus be our strength and wisdom! I am indeed under obligations to be grateful that Christ verified his promise, ‘Lo, I am with you.’ Blessed Redeemer, enable me ever to feel that my strength and trust are in thee. If thou hast indeed called me to the great work of preaching the blessed gospel, prepare me to perform it with success. Great God, thou knowest that I would not enter upon this important business in my own strength, nor with any other motive than to promote thy glory, my own happiness and that of my fellow-men. O for wisdom to direct, understanding to comprehend, that I may be successful!

“Returned home somewhat weary with the walk. After prayers in the hall went into brother Dennison’s room. Several of the brethren were present who are endeavouring to preach the gospel; and, as there are several calls for labourers next sabbath, we agreed to go, two and two, to places where there are demands. I expect to go to Somers with brother Robinson.”

It appears from the preceding extract, and it is matter of fact, that the young candidates for the ministry at Wilbraham are allowed, and have frequent calls, to exercise their gifts in

preaching in the neighbouring villages. Indeed, it has been the aim and endeavour of the officers of the school to keep up in the breasts of these young soldiers of the cross an earnest and holy impulse to be actively employed in doing good. The Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham has been, in a good degree, a "school of the prophets." The holy fire of religion has been kept burning on her altars, and the young sons of Levi have been trained to watch it, and to render any needed service about the sanctuary. And has not God approved their labours?

Nor have the religious efforts of these young prophets been limited to the sabbath and the sanctuary. At the seminary, in their respective rooms, and in various social circles, has the voice of prayer and praise resounded, rendering the recollections of the place hallowed to the Christian's heart, as its literary advantages and pursuits have rendered it dear and delightful to the diligent student. Sacred memories of the past, how ye throng before the mind's vision! Days of youth! O the magic power of thought; how vividly does it recall the scenes of friendship, study, and prayer, passed in thy rural retreat, sweet village of Wilbraham!

Our subject continues his diary:—

"June 18.—This has been the holy sabbath. Attended church in town: heard brother Pickard preach. After meeting in the afternoon, came home and attended Bible class. After supper the brethren formed a number of bands. Those

with whom I am to meet this term are brother Dennison, Prescott, and B. K. Pierce. Had a good time. This is a most heavenly means of grace. Merciful Father, grant to render it a great blessing to us all. After attending band, went to prayer meeting in the church, which was considerably interesting."

Thus we see that, though not himself employed in preaching, he fully occupied the day with religious exercises. And we wish it to be observed, that in this particular our young brother set an example worthy of imitation by all, especially the young. He was a steady and consistent Christian student. At the commencement of his studies he entered upon a regular and thorough course of moral training, and pursued it till the close of life. He at once established private or social worship in his room, attended class and prayer meetings during the week, and, on the sabbath, visited the house of prayer, joined the Bible class, and met with his young friends in band. In doing so, he only carried out the principle on which he seemed to act in his literary pursuits, that is, making use of every means calculated to promote his personal improvement. Hence he formed by-laws to regulate his daily conduct, joined the debating club, and took an active interest in any special literary exercise of the students. He appeared to rejoice in the use of opportunities for progress in knowledge, human and divine, and was as ready to impart as to receive instruction. In his diary he has pre-

served many of the texts which he heard preached from, and plans of several of the sermons. He also occasionally notices a recitation or a lecture, if anything worthy of special remembrance had been advanced.

Young Jennison had a heart to relish the beauties of nature. It was open to every pure, and gentle, and lovely emotion. He ever retained the freshness, the simplicity, and the fervour of his boyhood feelings. Nature in her loveliness seemed congenial to him. Under the influence of divine grace he beheld, too, in the wonders of creation, evident traces of divine wisdom and goodness. Scarcely any taste is more worthy of cultivation than a taste for the beauties of nature. None affords greater, unalloyed pleasure ; none produces a better tone of feeling throughout the whole man. He writes :—

“ June 19.—Opened my eyes upon the most delightful morning that has yet dawned on us this season. Was not fully aware of its beauty until I went out to take my exercise, which I did after attending to the duties of the morning. Not a cloud, as large as a man’s hand, was seen anywhere in the blue heavens. Naught broke the stillness save the song of the merry birds. The groves waved not their lofty plumes, for no breeze fanned them. Everything seemed tranquil and charming. As the sun peered over the mountains, he threw his placid smiles on the wide, expanding prospect. The rippling stream passed on in its sprightliness, and seemed

to gurgle with more delight as its ripples glistened in the sunbeam. But enough. Returned from my walk with chum, cheered beyond expression."

He writes:—"June 22.—Have attended meeting in the hall this evening, but I did not enjoy it at all. Why? Because my own heart is not right. How long, O Lord, how long shall I remain in a state of indifference in this glorious cause! The work which I feel thou hast called me to do is great, and 'who is sufficient for these things?' How weak and frail is man! I do not feel sufficient for these things. Hast thou called, and wilt thou not sustain me? Wilt thou not give grace and qualifications for the arduous work? Thou hast promised, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Gracious Redeemer, let me not despair; let me not betray my trust, but give me wisdom that I may live so as to secure thy approbation, and my everlasting happiness.

"25th.—To-day Christians have assembled in the sanctuary to worship God. It has been very warm. Went with brother Goodridge to hold a meeting in South Wilbraham. Unexpectedly found the preacher there, brother W. Lewis, who had just been appointed by the conference. However, I was earnestly requested to speak part of the day. I attempted, and, by the grace of God, was enabled to pass through my subject better than I expected; but whether it has done, or will do any good, my heavenly Master only knows. May the Lord forgive aught I may have said or done amiss! Brother

Lewis preached in the afternoon. Took tea at brother B.'s. After supper we had an interesting time in prayer, for the Lord of hosts appeared in our midst. Returned home, and found a number of my brethren who had been out on the same errand as myself. They stated that they had had good seasons.

"27th.—Brother Patten, our principal, has returned after an absence of nearly four weeks. We are pleased at his return. He is beloved by all. He fills his station with honour to himself, and satisfaction to all concerned.

"July 4.—The anniversary of our nation's independence. Arose at four o'clock, having enjoyed refreshing repose through the night. All things around presented a pleasing aspect. The clear sky betokened a delightful day; and such it has been. About sunrise the thundering cannon and the pealing bell announced the commencement of the celebration. All awaking from the deep slumber of the night, joined in grateful acclamations for the return of the day on which our country was declared to be free. Throughout the length and breadth of our happy land, at the same time nearly, thousands of cannon were heard, and at the same hour, too, the orator's eloquence thrilled millions of American hearts.

"10th.—Arose this morning at my usual hour, half-past four. My spirits were rather dejected; they have been so during the day. I feel sensible that I cannot enjoy myself in anything unless my moral feelings are cultivated

according to the precepts of the gospel—unless I have a consciousness that all my actions are according to the will of God. O how I long for this state, when I can feel that Jesus reigns enthroned upon my passions, swaying his peaceful sceptre there! I pray, heavenly Father, that I may be instructed in those things which pertain to this end. Since my heart is the fountain whence all my actions flow, I wish it to be so purified as to produce those acts which will promote the peace of others, as well as my own.

“15th.—Took a very early breakfast, and then, with chum and brother Baxter, started on an excursion, about four miles out, to view the curiosities of nature, and to enjoy healthful exercise. The principal object of interest which we visited was a rock called the ‘Indian Leap.’ It received its name from the fact that the Indians, in the time of a skirmish with the whites, voluntarily leaped from this jutting rock, about eighty feet, into the waters of the Chickopee, which rolls below. It is on a peninsula formed by a bend of the river. We saw many places where the Indians formerly erected their wigwams, discoverable by the holes in the ground. We passed out upon the rock and looked off; beneath us rolled the ever-roaring waters of the Chickopee, its bottom paved with rocks. How daring and desperate were those Indians, who, following their chief, leaped upon these rocks, in the foaming waters, rather than fall into the hands of their pursuers!

“23d.—Came from church and attended Bible class. Have attended meeting this evening in the hall: took up my cross, which was great: feel the better for so doing. How wisely are our happiness and duty connected! *Take up your cross daily, and follow me*, says the Saviour. ‘Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.’ O, Lord, give me grace and confidence to confess thee before an unbelieving and gainsaying world, that I may finally be owned of thee in heaven.”

The subject brought to view in the preceding extract is one of the greatest practical importance to the happiness and usefulness of the Christian. Very partial and imperfect ideas are entertained on this point by many disciples of Christ, especially those young in years and experience. So much stress is laid on the duty of bearing the cross, or confessing Christ, in religious meetings, as to lead many to cherish the erroneous impression that this chiefly, if not solely, constitutes the cross to be borne by Christians. So much, too, is this public testimony loaded, by incautious persons, with responsibility and value, if not virtue and merit, as to cause many inexperienced, and even some old professors, to suppose that no other duty can have so profitable a tendency, none can be so fully considered as a discharge of obligation to Christ. Indeed, some seem to feel and act as though, this done, all were done, deeming the rest of their time too exclusively their own to

devote any of it to God. How wide this is from truth and duty, is evident from the text referred to in the diary. The cross to be borne by Christ's disciples is a *daily* cross. We have opportunities every day of confessing Christ by word and deed. We must live every day to Christ alone, if we would be his disciples. How detrimental, too, to Christian progress and enjoyment is this false notion of the cross! If so much good results from bearing the cross in the one case, as is affirmed, why should we deprive ourselves of the advantage derived from bearing it in all seasons and situations? He that makes every condition of life an occasion of cross-bearing, makes every condition an occasion of good to himself or others. And, allow me to suggest, that one chief reason why many persons find the duty of bearing public testimony to the truth so irksome or onerous, is, that their own experience in religion is feeble and fickle, and their daily conduct inconsistent with their profession. This produces self-condemnation in the presence of neighbours and acquaintances, and deprives one of that spontaneous and simple confidence in God which imboldens the faithful disciple to declare what the Lord has done for his soul.

“July 30.—Attended prayer meeting in the hall this evening; it was a solemn time; the Spirit of God was there. Brother Patten gave a long and deeply-spiritual exhortation, under the influence of which, and by the Spirit of grace, many were led to bow their heads, and I

know not but to wipe their gushing tears. Enable me, O Lord, for the future to be more faithful to my trust, and to thy cause, lest I become a castaway.

“August 13.—For several days have been absent, visiting my friends. Have concluded to go to college: went home partly for the purpose of making preparations.

“This day have attended church. Heard, in the forenoon, a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Kellogg, on Phil. i, 21: ‘For me to live is Christ,’ &c. In the afternoon heard one from Dr. Fisk, on 1 Sam. iii, 10. It was a glorious discourse, full of instruction.

“At five o’clock attended prayer meeting at the church. Returned, and went into brother Raymond’s room; spent a few minutes in cheering conversation on the subject of preaching, &c., which did me good. Shortly the bell rung as a signal for prayer in the hall. I tarried to enjoy the *last* social meeting that I shall probably enjoy with my brethren and sisters in this place. Certainly it was one filled with untold interest to me, from the consideration that it was the close of a long series of social means of grace which have been deeply interesting, not only because they have been honoured with the divine presence, but also because of the numbers that at different times have attended them. Of these, some have gone to their long home, others are in distant climes, while others still remain. But I must part! May we meet in heaven!

“15th.—This day the annual examination commenced. This evening listened to an address from Mr. Fisher A. Foster, formerly a student in the academy; it was interesting and instructive. I must soon leave this place—one around which gather many pleasing associations. Here I have formed acquaintances and friendships which time will not efface from memory’s page. On Thursday I leave for Middletown.”

CHAPTER III.

Enters college—Motives and feelings—Object of life—Use of religion—College a busy place—Missionary Lyceum—Filial affection—Religious meetings—Labour and study—Old associations—Preaches—Teaches school in Rochester, Mass.—Efforts to do good—Returns to Middletown—Reflections.

To a sensitive mind the changes of life are filled with tender and affecting interest, and occasion many thrilling emotions. A peculiar charm lingers about the scene of literary and educational pursuits, and attaches the student with a strength and pathos of sentiment akin to that which renders his childhood’s home so dear, and ever dear to his heart. We can easily appreciate the “pleasing melancholy” with which young Jennison was touched when about to separate from the scene and companions of his academical career at Wilbraham. We shall not soon forget the emotions which thrill-

ed our bosom when leaving the same academic shades, and youthful associates, similarly endeared to us. It would be vain to say, that there is no spot so interesting as Wilbraham, because each student holds that place most dear to himself which was the scene of his early studies. And thus, by various associations, every habitable spot is rendered sacred to the heart of man, and earth becomes full of powerful attractions to attach him to the interests of time.

We have seen with what feelings our subject was about to leave the academy; and we shall see, in the following passages from his diary, with what views he entered upon a new and higher career of study and improvement.

“Wesleyan University, Aug. 25, 1837.—Some days have elapsed since I wrote in my diary. Left Wilbraham August 17, for this place. Arrived here soon after sunset: found a resting place for the night with my old friend, D. G. Allen. Since I have been here several days have passed away, and with me it has been a very unsettled time. I will say, however, that last sabbath, for the most part, was a day of profit to me. Attended meeting in Middlefield, about three and a half miles distant. I do not enjoy myself as I wish. O Lord, revive and console me by thy Spirit! In all my getting, enable me to get understanding. Have I said or done anything amiss? May I be forgiven. Whatever may be my course in life, let this be my motto, ‘For my Master I will live, and for him I will die.’

“And now,” he says, Aug. 27th, “as I am about commencing one of the most important eras in my history, let Heaven be witness to the purity of my desires and motives. If upon a consultation of my feelings and relations to God and man, I have come to a just conclusion, then I can say, I desire naught on earth but to do the greatest good, to glorify God, and secure an interest in the skies. I would have no other motives than those of a heavenly character. I am aware that I am entering upon new scenes, that I am to correct and establish habits which will distinguish my character for all future life. Here I may increase in virtue and religion, or return far back into the spirit of the world. That the former may be the case is my hearty desire, and most fervent prayer to almighty God.

“The great object of life should be to serve God, and secure heaven—everything else should be held subordinate to this. That this may be the purpose of my life I most sincerely pray. Lord, accept the offering which I bring. For what do I wish to live but to be useful and happy in time, and blissful in eternity? Then while I may pursue a course of mental discipline here, wilt thou shower thy blessing upon me! While my attention may be given to study, may frequent ejaculations ascend the ‘holy hill’ for constant assistance in my heavenly course!”

We here have an admirable example for the imitation of all students, especially when com-

mencing college life. How valuable is religion if it but lead the youthful student to apprehend the great object of existence, to appreciate the value of his time and advantages, to perceive the dangers that attend his situation, and to resolve to live consistent with his various and important moral relations! We see in the preceding extracts the secret of young Jennison's religious prosperity while in college. He began right. He looked not at future reputation, nor even at his standing in the class, but at the glory of God and his preparation for usefulness. His was neither a frigid, visionary, nor ascetic piety. Religion he desired as the source of pure and untold joy: at the same time it was to him a practical, daily discharge of useful duties, a preparation for influence, and enjoyment at once social and holy. He did well to commit, to pledge himself to a useful and holy life at the commencement of his college career. He did well to appeal to the Searcher of hearts for a scrutiny of his motives, and for assistance in answer to his devout prayers. There is philosophy in such a course. The mind having once scanned and settled upon the great purposes of existence—having bent all its desires and energies to secure the point of excellence in character—no longer vacillates, speculates, hesitates, but moves right onward to its object, and every circumstance conspires to aid its pursuit.

How little spiritual declension, worldly conformity, and consequent infidelity, should we

witness among the professedly Christian class of college students, if they would each heartily adopt the sentiments, motives, and practice of our departed young brother! And the writer of this Memoir would here most earnestly entreat all young men about commencing either their academic or collegiate studies, to ask themselves, whether it be not their duty to take such a position at the outset. Set the highest motives before you. Act not for literary fame, or worldly reputation; but act for God, and heaven, and the souls of men. How different from this are the views and feelings of most college students! Would that the sentiment which Dr. Fisk desired and endeavoured to infuse into the operations of the Wesleyan University, might pervade and characterize that and all other literary institutions!—"I have done educating youth for *themselves*; my sole object, I think, will be, hereafter, to educate all I can get *for the world*."—*Life*, p. 303.

Sept. 2d, 1837, he wrote home as follows:—

"DEAR AND MUCH-BELOVED PARENTS,—Thursday morning several of us started (from Wilbraham) for this place; arrived in Hartford about eleven o'clock. Near two o'clock three of us started on foot for Middletown, about seventeen miles distant. We arrived, somewhat weary, at the university about seven, P. M. I am received as a member in a class of forty or more—the largest class they have ever had. I occupy room No. 12 in the college,

with my former chum, Robert Allyn. I am much pleased with my situation. It is an interesting sight to behold such a number of young men as are here assembled, sixty or more of whom are members of the Methodist E. Church, and a great part of whom are preparing to preach the everlasting gospel. The Lord bless them.

“I have no time to lose—have employment for every moment. We attend prayers in the morning at six o’clock, in the chapel, immediately after which we repair to our respective recitation rooms; thence to breakfast; return to our rooms, and study until eleven, when we recite again; dine at twelve; exercise and study until five, P. M., when we have prayers again in the chapel; retire at ten in the evening; and thus passes the day, with other exercises which occur in their proper place.

“Tell the children to be good; to remember that they must die, and that I cannot harbour the thought that they will be shut out of heaven. Would they meet their little brother in that happy place, they must be obedient, and love their parents and their Maker. Accept my love for yourselves, and for my brothers and sisters. I subscribe myself your dutiful, grateful son,
I. JENNISON, JR.”

The journal proceeds as follows:—

“Sept. 3.—Another week has gone, bearing its account to the eternal world. During the week I have been very closely engaged in my

regular studies. My other duties I have attended to as they have come up in their appropriate place and time. I have not been so deeply engaged in the cause of my Master as I ought to have been. I have often yielded to a trifling spirit, which is destructive to spiritual life. Gracious Redeemer, help me for the week to come to guard against this evil, and to be sober-minded. Attended meeting part of the day in the chapel, and part in the city.

"30th.—Some time has elapsed since I wrote last. I have, in the mean time, been closely engaged in my studies. Sabbath before last attended meeting in Middlefield, where a good revival has commenced. Meetings are held by brother Rosser, who is very much interested for the welfare of the people. I enjoyed myself while there for the most part well.

"O Lord, continue to revive thy work! How meagre this world, with all its charms, compared with the glories of heaven! Help me to realize this more fully, and act accordingly.

"I find that college is no place for idleness, but a place for application and constant effort. I have joined the society termed the Missionary Lyceum. Last evening attended love-feast in the chapel—it was a good season. This day has nearly gone: how fast time flies! it is constantly bearing me to the tomb. May I wisely improve the passing privileges!"

The Missionary Lyceum, here mentioned, is an association of students in the Wesleyan University, whose object is to collect mission-

ary intelligence, as also books that will be useful to the religious student, and natural and artificial curiosities from countries visited by missionaries, and to revive and increase among themselves a personal interest in this great and holy cause. For these purposes correspondence is maintained with missionaries and with similar societies, and a suitable room is occupied, where lectures, conversations, and prayers are attended, and a library and museum are kept. It has been the most interesting of all the associations of the students, and has served to foster the spirit of Christian benevolence in many a youthful breast.

Having received news from home, informing him of the dangerous illness of his mother, all a son's sensibilities were moved, and he wrote to his parents the following letter:—

“ Middletown, October 14, 1837.

“DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE PARENTS,—I know not how to express to you the mingled emotions that heaved my bosom while reading yours of the first instant. Expecting, as I read on, to find the sentence, ‘Your dear mother is no more,’ line after line, and word after word, only served to heighten and swell those feelings which tended to suffocation, until feelings of an opposite character, like opposing floods, met and pervaded my breast; then falling upon my knees to express my gratitude to my Father in heaven, tears were the signs by which I expressed my feelings. I know that I love my

parents : such feelings could not exist in a cold, unfilial heart. Should either of my *dear* parents be called home, nothing would enable me to endure the loss, save the grace of our common Lord. Such an event would tear in sunder a thousand twining cords of my heart. But the time will come when such a separation must take place. Whether I go first or they, may we, through the grace of God, always be in preparation. Dear parents, in view of my situation, I feel myself greatly indebted to you for your manifested kindness and deep solicitude for my present and future welfare. If I have correct views of myself, I feel willing to dedicate my life, all my acquisitions, and what little abilities I have, to the service of my Master ; yea, this for some time has been my greatest desire.

“My advantages in this place are great. The meetings which we attend on sabbath and during the week are the following :—Sabbath, A. M., meeting in the college chapel, when either Dr. Fisk, or the chaplain, Rev. Prof. Holdich, preaches. In the afternoon attend church in the city, in the place of regular circuit preaching. At half-past five of the same day we have a prayer meeting in some one of the rooms of college. Wednesday evening, class meeting ; Friday evening, prayer meeting ; Saturday evening, band meeting, which to me, and I may say to all who attend, is the most profitable exercise. This evening have been much blessed in band.

"I have engaged a school for about three months in Rochester, Mass., near where cousin Franklin is stationed, to commence the first Monday in December. He formerly taught the same school.

"To all my brothers and sisters I would say, Obey your parents, and make good use of your time; *time*, how *valuable*! Above all, prepare to die. How would you have felt had your dear mother been called away? Obey her, love her, and love your God. Yours,

"I. JENNISON, JR."

The business of school teaching, in which our subject proposed to engage, and in which he had before engaged, is a common one for students in various literary institutions during the winter months. This has been practised in consequence, generally, of the want of sufficient funds to meet the expenses of education. It has not been undertaken as a matter of choice or policy; and yet, in almost every case, the result has proved that students who have been obliged to take this course, have gained in intellectual and moral, as well as pecuniary resources.

Students who have been obliged, in order to complete their course, to struggle with untoward circumstances, to depend on their frugality, prudence, and industry, have generally formed a personal acquaintance with the ways of the world, and acquired a tact in application and management, a measure of independence

and self-respect, a power of foresight and insight, a concentration of thought, and a determination of purpose, which are of incalculable value in the practical duties of professional, or even of common life. Since such results have followed the "early struggles" of many an educated man, let it be matter of encouragement to every young person who, "through desire, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom," to persevere in acquiring an education, even though indigence and toil be his present inheritance. And let not the indigent student ever be the object of ridicule and disrespect among his fellows ; for, I was going to say, he is peculiarly the child of Providence. These remarks I make in view of the fact, that there are some young persons who are dependant alone on their own exertions to obtain the means of education : not that this was the case with our subject. He felt, however, that while his friends supplied him with some resources, he ought, as far as possible, to help himself. Always extremely sensible of obligation to his friends for favours, he felt a pleasure in doing what he could to second their efforts.

According to the preceding letter we perceive that he still loved the means of grace, as well as grace itself. That he maintained the spirit of piety and devotion in the midst of his studies was, doubtless, in a great measure, owing to his diligent use of those means. He loved those means of grace which were best adapted to lead him to self-examination and

self-acquaintance, and to excite him to seek and obtain an increase of holiness. Such we consider to be the tendency of the Methodist class and band meetings when properly conducted. It requires much prudence and heavenly wisdom to take charge of these meetings, especially band meetings, and guide souls safely and happily through the various intricacies of Christian experience. We know of no place, however, where these means, bands particularly, can be made more serviceable to a growth in piety than in such an institution. Young men, serious, honest-hearted young men, who begin to see the value of character—of moral and religious character—in their future contact and contest with the men and god of this world, may freely and confidently unbosom themselves to one another associated together according to the rules of a band, and can sympathize with each other in the trials and temptations, the hopes and desires, which alike affect them.

To Mr. Isaac T. Goodnow, one of his associates in study at Wilbraham, and now, and for some time past, one of the teachers in the Wesleyan Academy in that place, he writes as follows:—

“ Wesleyan University, October 21, 1837.

“DEAR ISAAC,—Among the many which I hold sacred and dear on memory’s page, is the name of Isaac T. Can it be that together we are no more to pursue the paths of science? Are different circumstances so to separate us

that we are no more to enjoy each other's company? I look upon the scenes enjoyed at Wilbraham as among the most pleasant of the past. There I not only delighted myself in the pursuit of knowledge, but formed acquaintance with those whose friendship will ever be held dear. But these scenes only live in memory; there may they remain. Though we may not walk hand in hand again through scenes like those we passed in Wilbraham, yet I trust we shall 'be of the same mind one toward another,' and always act for the good of our fellow-men in whatever situations we may be placed. Dear brother, I realize, in some degree, that I am favoured with great and inestimable privileges. I hope to employ them to the best advantage.

"I feel more and more the importance of dedicating myself to the service of my Master. For what were we created, if not to glorify God in doing good and saving the soul? O Lord, may we be more devoted! I feel that I can be happy in no other cause than the cause of God. I hope that the time past of my unfaithfulness may suffice. Brother, if you, plunging into the western forests to instruct the rising generation, fall there, I hope that, wherever I shall lay down this mortal, I may finally put on immortality, and together with you meet the ransomed of the Lord in 'fairer worlds on high.' Pray for me. Yes, when at day's decline you sit in meditative mood, while others pass before you upon whom you would

ask a blessing, let one ejaculation ascend for your undeserving friend.

“Should you see our old friends at W., please to tender them my respects. I remain your true and faithful friend and brother in Christ,

“ISAAC JENNISON, JR.”

His diary continues :—

“Sunday, Oct. 29.—Attended meeting at Middlefield in the district school-house. Heard brother Savage on, ‘He that winneth souls is wise.’ I was to speak in the afternoon. Accordingly, at the appointed time, went to the place, entered the house, and lo, five of the older students were present. Being very inexperienced in this work, it served to embarrass me much, (though it ought not to have done so,) and I almost utterly failed in accomplishing what I desired. However, I leave the event with my Master; doubtless it will be for my good. I endeavoured to speak from this text, ‘For the redemption of their soul is precious.’

“In the evening heard brother Fitch. After a short discourse, had a most cheering prayer meeting—one soul was converted. Returned to college. Have not enjoyed so much religion this week as during the one previous. O Lord, forgive my short comings and departures, and now receive me, and do with me as seemeth thee best! Give me a resigned spirit, and enable me to do my duty. ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ Prepare me for the great work.

“Rochester, Nov. 10.—More than one month has passed since I last wrote in this volume. Many things have caused the neglect. Since then I have attempted to preach once in Middletown on what is called Staddle Hill. Brothers Marcy, Blood, and Wm. Campbell accompanied me. Had not so bad a time as the one previous, and encouraged to persevere.

“23d.—Attended an anti-slavery convention in Middletown. The Saturday following I left Middletown for this place to commence my school. Passed through Hartford and Providence, R. I., and arrived, Nov. 29th, at the Head of the River (so called) in Fair Haven, where I met my friend and cousin, Rev. Franklin Fisk, who is preaching in that place as the stationed preacher. Remained with cousin F. until Monday morning, when I left him to come to Rochester. I preached for him sabbath forenoon, on John iii, 36.

“During the past week have been teaching school. I hope and pray that my labours in this place during the winter may indeed be profitable, and that I may be enabled to pass through my school without any difficulty. This day (sabbath) I have not attended church, in consequence of the storm and the distance. Perhaps I might have spent the day more profitably, but I have been endeavouring to profit from the reading of ‘Alleine’s Alarm’—a very important work. May I be enabled so to preach the word of life as to be successful in calling the wanderer home to Christ!

“Dec. 19.—Last week passed away not without its cares and difficulties. I had many unpleasant feelings, caused by the circumstances in which I am placed. However, I intend to do my duty to my pupils as far as I am able, let circumstances be as they may. Some of the days, however, passed very agreeably. Last Saturday visited New-Bedford, noted for its whale fishery. Went to the Head of the River, and remained with cousin F. over the sabbath. In that vicinity I find good-hearted friends—those who, in the honesty of their souls, serve the Lord. I attempted to preach once on the sabbath.

“Jan. 14, 1838.—Passed the week in my school for the most part very agreeably. Had no difficulty more than ordinary. At best the trials of a teacher are great. On Friday evening I attended a meeting held in this district by the Baptists, at which I arose and gave a short exhortation. In the duty I felt blessed. The people are very solicitous that I should hold meetings in this place. I am willing to do all the good I can; but in attempting to do good I wish to avoid doing injury. Lord, open thou the way!

“This is the holy sabbath. I have attended church in the centre of the town. Heard Mr. B. He is a good preacher of the word. In the forenoon he discoursed about Lazarus and the rich man. His view of the passage is correct, that, whether Christ referred to an actual or supposed case, he intended the parable to

show the state of the righteous and the wicked in the coming world ; the possibility of losing irrecoverably the glories of heaven, and of suffering the torments of hell for ever. How can a rational man console himself with the doctrine that all will eventually be saved, when Christ, in answer to the question, ‘Are there few that be saved?’ replied, ‘Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able!’ And again he has said, ‘Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.’

“21st.—Have had no difficulty in my school the past week. The time passes away very agreeably, much more so than I apprehended at the commencement. To-day I have been to North Rochester, and have attempted to speak twice to the people. This is the first time I have spoken twice in one day. Although it is fatiguing to the body, yet it is service in which I wish to wear out. Lord, prepare me for the great and glorious work ! For thy glory let me live, and in the triumphs of this faith let me die. May not the weak and imperfect effort of this day prove in vain ; but in the great day of eternity may some one have cause to rejoice in consequence. Lord of all my mercies, still be thou my friend ; go with me into the duties of another week ; and in all my movements and associations with my fellow-men, may I throw a savoury influence around me both by my life and conversation.

“ 30th.—Another month is almost gone, and am I any nearer the port of peace? Surely I am nearer that bourn whence there is no return. Last Thursday evening I attended another meeting in this place. It was a solemn and interesting time with me. I was greatly blessed while giving an exhortation. May it not be in vain. Glory be given to Jesus for redemption through his *blood*. Be with me, thou source of all my joys, during this week.

“ Feb. 4.—This is the *holy sabbath*. I have been to the north part of the town, and though the people had no knowledge of my coming until I arrived at brother P. Crandon’s, (a venerable father in Christ,) yet in the afternoon I attempted to speak in honour of my Master to a goodly number. In the morning we had a prayer meeting. I think and feel that the exercises of that occasion will not be wholly in vain, through the blessing of God. Glory be to him for the excellency of the religion of Christ! Having returned to my boarding place, (Mr. Wm. Sears’,) I have been engaged again in speaking in my Master’s name. Truly it is good thus to do. How true it is that if we trust in him we shall not be confounded! My liberty on this evening’s occasion was great. The power of God thrilled both soul and body. Truly the Lord was present. The Christian felt and wept; the sinner felt, and O may that occasion be a savour of life unto life! To thy name, great Jehovah, be all the glory! If thou hast called thy unworthy servant to the great

work of the ministry, prepare him for the greatest good of man, and the ultimate glory of his Master.

"I have heard from my parents the past week; all well, and in expectation of seeing me at the close of my school. Bring me, O kind Preserver, to their parental embrace.

"11th.—I was at the Head of the River with cousin F. Heard of the death of one of my former school-mates, W. L., of good talents, and in the prime of life. He had just closed his collegiate course, and had entered a law-school in P. How uncertain is life! But yesterday I mingled with him in the scenes of time, now he is no more! Attempted once, and for the last time in that place, to speak to the people. Did not have as much liberty as usual. However, I felt thankful for a poor time, because I think it was for my good and the glory of God. I think it tended to humble me. Lord, ever keep thy servant humble. Take all the glory of thy cause to thyself. If thou canst effect anything with this feeble instrument, let it be done in thine own way.

"18th.—This day have spoken twice to the people in North Rochester; had a tolerably good season, especially during the afternoon. I warned them, according to the best knowledge I had, of their condition while out of Christ, and pointed them to 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' Blessed Spirit, seal the truth upon the heart.

"Middletown, March 5.—Since I last wrote

in this volume my external situation has changed. I have bidden farewell to my scholars; and it is altogether probable that I shall never behold all their countenances again. It is my prayer that my labours in that district may be blessed to the mental and moral good of my pupils. On the 22d of February I bade the pupils and friends an affectionate adieu, and left to visit my parents and friends in Natick. I arrived home on the 24th, and found my parents pleased to see their son; and pleased was I to meet with them after an absence of about seven months. During the 25th attempted to speak twice to the people; had a tolerably good time.

“Had a joyful visit among my relatives, and on the 2d of the present month was obliged to shake the parting hand, and leave for this place. The next day at twelve o’clock, M., arrived at my room. Yesterday attended church in the city—occasion interesting.

“Now I resume my studies, praying for the blessing of God to attend me. Lord, I give myself to thee and thy cause.”

I think it cannot have escaped the observation of those who have read our subject’s journal for the winter, that his piety had been growing deeper and more fervent. He evidently exercised himself unto godliness, and no doubt found the exercise profitable in his management of the school, as well as for his own spiritual enjoyment. He seemed ready to enter every open door of usefulness, and to do

what he could, in a prudent and judicious way, for the spiritual interests of his fellow-men. His desire at the opening of the school, as expressed in his diary, was that his engagement might be profitable ; and we see how he understood that term, and how he realized the fulfilment of his desire. It is characteristic of the truly devout mind to make every situation subservient to spiritual profit. And the Christian should ask, when engaging in any occupation, or course of life, " How will it affect my soul ? How may I render my new relations most conducive to a growth in grace and holiness ? " The Christian ought to show that he is eager, not for this world, but to lay up treasure in heaven.

We have seen too, in the preceding extracts, the feelings and motives with which our young brother contemplated the work of the Christian ministry. He surveys the condition of souls that are without a saving interest in Christ ; he beholds the preciousness and fulness of the Saviour's grace ; he feels the joy and peace of believing ; and he desires to engage in the work of the ministry, if at all, that he may glorify God, exalt the Saviour, and " bring the wanderer home to Christ." What an honourable and exalted motive ! And it is the *only motive* that will actuate one called of God to preach the gospel. Men, whose souls have not themselves been touched with hallowed fire, may coolly calculate on temporal advantages, of fame, ease, money, or influence, in presum-

ing to become religious teachers ; but the man who feels that, from God's appointment, necessity is laid upon him, yea, a wo, if he "preach not the gospel," will not stop nor stoop to make any such calculations. He must speak, and he will speak, whether men "will hear, or whether they will forbear." True, he will consult his Christian brethren, especially those that are most intelligent, judicious, and spiritual, and will consider their approval as another indication of the path of duty. And yet he settles the case in the court of conscience between himself and his God, and, if called, receives his commission direct from Jesus Christ, and at the same time the glorious pledge, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." With such views and feelings we are happy to believe that preachers of our church are in a good degree actuated. God has thrust them out, and has owned their labours. In his own way he trains up our young men to become "good soldiers of Jesus Christ." If we allow him to select his own instruments, assist, not hinder them in preparing for, and entering upon the work, we need not fear the lack of faithful labourers in his vineyard. He will keep up and increase the number, especially if the church follow his own teaching on this very point: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few ; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

CHAPTER IV.

At Middletown—Studies closely—Good news from his school—Letter to his father—Memoir of Carvosso—Desires for holiness—Christian perfection—Charms of nature—Close of the first collegiate year—Vacation—Returns to Middletown—Resolutions.

WE find our subject again seated at his writing table in his room, and, with the same or an increased spirit of devotion, imploring the divine blessing to attend him in his studies, and consecrating himself to the service of his Maker. We shall mark, in future pages, no diminution of his religious ardour, but a rapid augmentation. We shall find him becoming more and more deeply imbued with the love of God, and more and more adorned with the gentle and amiable graces of the heavenly-minded Christian.

“March 11.—One week more has passed, and the present time finds me in circumstances of mercy. My health is good, though the studies of the week have demanded incessant labour. Having been absent the past winter, I am somewhat in the rear. In consequence of so close application I have not enjoyed religion as I could have desired. It is my prayer that I may be absorbed in my studies only so far as will be for the glory of God, and the prosperity of my soul. Have been this day to the courts of the Lord. I desire more of the spirit of the psalmist when he exclaimed, ‘I

will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever !
' A day in thy courts is better than a thousand !'

" The two weeks last past have been weeks of incessant labour. Sometimes I have enjoyed some of the heavenly Spirit, at others but very little ; but it is my heart's desire and prayer to God that I may be saved. Especially last Saturday evening did I receive a refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Brothers Mudge, Rust, and myself, united in a band. This means is the best calculated to promote growth in grace.

" April 16.—Have had some precious times in the performance of my Christian duties. Two weeks since I attempted to speak in honour of the cause of my Master : had a free time. Last Saturday received a line from cousin Franklin. He informs me that three who were my pupils last winter have sought and found the Lord, and that another is very much concerned about his soul. Last evening, with my dear brother Dennison, attended meeting at Long Plain : had an interesting time. The people are attentive, and desire a continuance of these meetings.

" Received a letter from my dear father : it informs me of his health, and of the health of my relatives generally. May the Lord grant him much prosperity and consolation in his heavenly journey, and finally bring him off more than conqueror. Upon my (own) dear brother R. most sincerely do I invoke the

blessing of Heaven. Can I be separated from him in the judgment day? I cannot bear the *thought* even."

To the letter mentioned in the foregoing extract he wrote the following reply, which is clearly indicative of the increasing earnestness of his soul:—

" *Wesleyan University, April 23, 1838.*

"BELOVED PARENTS,—One week this morning yours came to hand, which, be assured, was very gratefully received. And now, before I become absorbed in the studies of the week, I seat myself to address my dearest earthly friends.

"My health is good, notwithstanding the constant application which I am obliged to make. Night and day witness me toiling over my books. As the roots and heavy clods of the fallow ground rack the physical system of the husbandman, so the mind sometimes wavers in its attempts to plough the fields of science; yet, gathering strength and animation at each successive and successful effort, it proceeds onward till mountains appear but mole-hills in the distant past. How valuable the mind! What an inexhaustible source of pleasure, if rightly cultivated, can it be rendered! When time shall cease, and the mind be free from its clayey tenement, then, and not till then, will it have full scope, and expand its immortal energies to grasp infinity itself.

"It was eleven o'clock last evening before I

reclined upon my pillow, having been about five miles to hold a meeting upon what is called the Plain. Though I did not use the words which were addressed to Lot, yet I endeavoured to induce the people to escape to the mountain ere the storm of God's wrath should fall upon them. I endeavoured to speak to them in the name of my Redeemer for about fifty-five minutes, during which time I realized the assistance of the Commissioner. May the Lord bless that people with a shower of heavenly grace! I shall probably speak to them once a fortnight during the summer. Father, will you not counsel me in respect to this great work? Long have you blown the glorious trump. How good it is to give soul, subject, and all into the hands of Jesus, and let him preach through the organ of clay! How easy to point the sinner to the Lamb of God, when you rest on Almighty strength! How happy that bosom which, in the midst of the work, beats high with praises and hallelujahs to the conquering King!

"I have of late felt very much the importance of becoming holy. No one is fully prepared to point others the way to Zion who does not possess holiness of heart. I know not when I have had so clear a view of the heinousness of sin, and the adaptation and fulness of the gospel, as of late. I am reading the Memoir of William Carvosso, a holy and devoted man of God in the time of Wesley.

"But I must draw this letter to a close. I

have not time nor room to say what I should like to my dear brother R.; but he comes up before me as a subject of thought, and my affections twine about him, and I offer my sincere prayers for his prosperity. Dear R., what can I express more than I have already expressed? What better advice can I give than I have given? Do you wish to live in the affections and esteem of your parents, and brothers, and sisters; to have your life rendered happy and pleasant, and to secure a final abode with the righteous in heaven? Then, first, return to the joys you once knew, and continue faithful to your Maker; and second, be obedient to your parents, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Believe me, dear R., your sincere friend and brother.

“I tendered your respects to the president, which he very cordially received, and said, ‘Remember me when you write to your father and mother.’ Yesterday, by request, he preached on the subject of baptism, in the church in the city. His discourse was two hours in length, his reasoning clear and conclusive. He crossed the track of the Baptists in respect to the mode and the subjects, at right angles. He preached with all ease. What a master mind! In his station here he is beloved by all. No man could fill it better.

“Remember me to all my friends, receive a large share of love for yourselves, and believe me your affectionate son,

“I. JENNISON, JR.”

'The Memoir of Carvosso, referred to in the preceding letter, is a most valuable treasury of Christian experience. His was indeed a *Christian* experience. Christ dwelt in his heart by faith continually. He learned, in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of simple faith in the great atonement. Faith was to him, in power, infinitely beyond the fabled talisman of romance, or the long-sought and vainly-sought philosopher's stone. It turned everything to more than gold—to happiness, to bliss, to heaven. Without any magical incantations, without any violent and spasmodic struggle, he rested with all his heart honestly, calmly, confidently on the dying love of Jesus Christ, and found virtue constantly flowing from the Son of God. To him it was but to look and live, to touch and be healed. This is the height, the perfection, the whole of true faith in Jesus. Anything short of this does not honour the Saviour; anything aside from this is an attempt at legal righteousness, which is accounted in the Scriptures but as filthy rags. Faith sets not aside the law, but establishes it; nevertheless, according to the apostle Paul, it is not the Christian that lives, but Christ that liveth in him. The reading of this Memoir seems to have renewedly aroused young Jennison's attention to the subject of Christian holiness, and so effectually, that he ceased not to seek till he found the "pearl of perfect love." Carvosso, who was eminently useful to souls while living, being dead, yet speaks effectually of Jesus

and his love in his very interesting autobiography. Much good has his Memoir done, much good will it yet do. Our subject speaks of it more particularly in the following passage of his diary :—

“ April 27.—I have enjoyed another Christian sabbath in the sanctuary of the Lord. Especially have I been edified in reading the Memoir of William Carvosso. Scarcely is a man to be found who possessed stronger faith in God. ‘Have faith in God,’ was his motto. He lived in the time of Wesley. From the time he obtained holiness of heart, (which was shortly after he experienced the pardon of his sins,) he continued in its constantly-increasing enjoyment for upward of sixty years—the instrument of the conversion of hundreds of souls. He was noted for his success as a class-leader and exhorter; and, finally, in his eighty-fifth year, after a long and severe illness, rejoicing in the most excruciating pain, he triumphantly departed to the rest of those who die in the Lord. In reading this Memoir, I saw the freeness and fulness of the salvation which Christ has purchased by his death, and felt the importance of being holy. O for holiness of heart, for a plunge in the purple flood, that I may rise ‘renewed in all the life of God!’ Lord, beget in thy unworthy servant an increasing desire, an unceasing struggle, for this high and glorious attainment !”

The religious state denominated “holiness,” in the above passage, is what is understood in

the Scriptures, and by the Methodists, as the state of Christian perfection. It is the state which the apostle Paul exhorts his brethren to seek in that solemn yet encouraging passage of his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, vii, 1, "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Indeed, in all the Scriptures, especially those of the new covenant, this state is presented to the minds of the servants of the Lord as the object of most earnest solicitude, and of present attainment and constant enjoyment in this life. The precepts, promises, provisions, and prayers set forth in the gospel in regard to Christians, present explicit and emphatic encouragement to them to "go on unto perfection," to be "perfected in love," and thus "be filled with all the fulness of God," for "God is love."

This may not be the place to offer arguments to prove the truth of the doctrine of Christian perfection as taught by the Methodists ; but I cannot forbear to say here, that many members, both of our own and of other communions, have erred in their views of the doctrine by overlooking "the simplicity that is in Christ." The highest attainment to which Christians can arrive is the perfection of love—"perfect love" which "casteth out fear"—by which the soul simply, entirely, constantly relies on the merits of the Redeemer, and makes Christ "all in all"—its sufficient, abundant, ever-present portion. "Love is the

fulfilling of the law," because love alone secures obedience to the perfect law of God to the utmost of our capacity in the present state of being; and because, *through Christ*, whatever is done in the spirit and under the influence of supreme love to God, and pure love to man, is accounted as righteous, and receives the divine approval. Well does the Christian poet sing,—

- "Come, O thou universal Good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin!
- "Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want;
Support my feebleness of mind;
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind;
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- "Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown:
My gospel hope, my calling's prize;
My tree of life, my paradise.
- "The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown,
Christ in a pure and perfect heart!
The name inscribed on the white stone!
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven."

We shall find in the experience of our subject and of other Christians, that the view of the doctrine above given is made matter of con-

scious knowledge and enjoyment. Anything less, more or aside from this, as the state of Christian perfection, is antiscriptural and fanatical; but this blessed attainment just prepares the Christian to be eminently useful, to advance rapidly in piety; to be submissive to the divine will, and "so an entrance shall be ministered unto" him "abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

These remarks are somewhat in anticipation of a future event; but the reader will find that the matter of deep religious experience constitutes no small portion of the remaining pages.

Our subject continues: "May 7.—As the east opens its eye, and shoots forth the morning light, scarce a cloud is seen. Nature meets the solar glance with apparent joy; the dew-drop sparkles pendant upon the tender blade, while the innocent songsters flit from bough to bough with merry glee. The hitherto close-bound bud hastens to develop its rosy treasures. The rippling stream dances in its course to mingle with other waters, while the mighty river moves in silent majesty to unite with ocean's fathomless abundance. Who that witnesses and contemplates these operations of nature but will be led 'to nature's God!' How unhappy must be the heart which cannot find within a harmony corresponding to the chiming order and music of nature!

"28th.—This is a delightful morn. All nature is in bloom. The gentle breeze bears the pleasant

odour to our senses ; and shall our heart be ungrateful while the very zephyrs come laden with the blessings of Heaven? The lineaments of the Creator are discovered in nature's mighty volume, on whichever page we look ; whether it be the blooming season of summer, the autumnal harvest scene, when the golden treasures of Ceres reward the hand of the diligent husbandman, or the wintry storm and fleecy snow.

“ During the past week received a letter from my dear father, in which he informs me of health and prosperity. Attended church in the city during the day yesterday ; last evening was again on the Plain. Brother Mudge spoke from the words, ‘ Go thy way for this time ; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee ;’ after which I endeavoured to give a word of exhortation. The Lord was pleased to be present and assist ; it was a solemn time : hope some good was done in the name of Jesus. Lord, bless that people ! Be pleased to bless me in the prosecution of the duties of the present week. Give me an increasing desire for holiness of heart ; forbid that I should rest satisfied until ‘ I awake in thy likeness.

“ July 1.—Have been very assiduously engaged in my college studies for the examination, which, I am happy to say, closed yesterday. It was a wearisome time—three successive days. The present time brings me to the close of one year of my college course. And now I would ask myself, ‘ Have I employed it to the best advantage ?’ I think I can say that,

as to my studies, I have not been indolent, however little progress I may have made. The year as to attainment in human knowledge has not been lost. This is my greatest regret, that I have not made greater improvement in Christian knowledge and experience. I pray that whatever attainments I may have made during the past year, they may be sanctified to the service of God, and made to subserve my present and eternal good. May the Lord forgive in whatever respect I have come short of his glory! For the degree of health I have enjoyed I would be very grateful. If thou seest fit to spare my life, may I be prospered during the next collegiate year, not only in mental, but especially in religious improvement. To-morrow I leave, Providence permitting, to visit my parents and friends."

College vacation is a season full of interest to the student. He gives to the winds his anxieties, throws aside his books, bids adieu to blackboard, bell, and "screw,"* and sallies forth in quest of recreation and adventure. Many, we apprehend, carry no very favourable impression to the minds of either strangers or friends of the character of the pursuits which they have just forsaken. Long confined to severe mental toil, not having maturity of judgment, or scrupulousness of conscience, or fervour of devotion, they give themselves up to the impulses of feeling, without thought and without

* "*Screw*," is a cant phrase in college for a difficult or unsuccessful recitation.

restraint. Thus they cause the beholder to suppose that, of all places, college is the least fitted to discipline the mind or the heart of the young. But while the thoughtless student luxuriates wildly in his temporary freedom from college discipline, the pious youth finds vacation a suitable opportunity to gratify and increase his admiration of all that is goodly and fair in the works of nature and of art, and in human friendship, to strengthen his physical powers, and to recruit his mental energies, by a healthful alternation of exercise and rest, for renewed application to his important pursuits. Thus we find young Jennison, on his journey homeward, visiting places of interest that lay in his route, gratifying his taste for rural beauties, and his attachment to early associations. He makes special mention of the former enchanting residence of Mrs. Sigourney, the "Mrs. Hemans of America." The spacious mansion, imbosomed in summer foliage; the varied landscape; the "bower, closely surrounded by a little forest of sturdy oaks, beneath whose shade a small stream murmurs in its meanderings to the Connecticut; the prospect which the site commands of Hartford, the central city of the state, and of several objects of interest;" especially the fact that here Mrs. S. has poured forth "the rich effusions of her fruitful mind" in varied sentiment and song, render this delightful spot a fitting home of the Muses, and highly worthy of a pilgrimage from the lovers of taste and genius.

He passed through Wilbraham on his way to Natick, where he meets a joyful greeting beneath the parental roof. Having visited several towns, and preached several times, he returned to Middletown on the morning of commencement day, August 1. On beginning the new term he makes the following petitions and resolves :—

“It is my humble and sincere prayer to the great Author of wisdom, that I may succeed, not only in my pursuit after earthly knowledge, but, above all, in attaining the knowledge that cometh from above. It is my resolution to be more correct and uniform in my habits, to be more diligent in the divine service. But, O thou great Ruler of the universe, unless thou assist, all attempts will be useless. It is my intention to associate with the pious and most correct in their habits. Here, then, I begin, invoking the blessing of Heaven upon my moral, intellectual, and physical nature, that I may be directed aright in the attainment of knowledge.”

These resolutions he was enabled to carry out : and by attention to the public and social means of grace, by self-examination, watchfulness, and prayer, and by regular habits of exercise and study, he realized an improvement in bodily health, and in mental and spiritual vigour, and was able to say, “I would feel grateful, and do, in some degree, that from week to week the blessed Lord smiles upon me, and prospers me both temporally and spiritually.”

CHAPTER V.

Commences a new era—Experiences perfect love—Acknowledges the work—Letter to his parents—Spiritual communion—Letter to his parents—To Mrs. S. Stevens—Vacation—Letter from Mrs. Holdich.

WE now approach a period which marks the commencement of a new and blessed era in the life of our young brother. We have seen that his desires for full conformity to the divine will, his interest in spiritual things, his zeal for God, his humility, faith, and love, had been increasing. Indeed, no one can doubt that he was at this time a growing Christian. He was enabled to rejoice in the light of God's countenance, and felt the evidence of acceptance as a child of God. He strove against sin, and sought for entire freedom from it. He had set distinctly before his mind the attainment of holiness of heart, and, consequently, of life, as the object of his persevering search. This he sought as a blessing infinitely desirable in itself, and as a preparation the better to glorify God and be useful to mankind. We may say, in truth, that the grace which he already possessed, spontaneously, naturally prompted him to desire and seek this higher attainment. Grace in the heart prompts every Christian to desire and pray for deliverance from sin, and for entire conformity to the divine will. It is only the spirit of the world, or the contractedness of a

human creed, which represses these holy longings of the converted soul: for if we walk in Christ Jesus as we received him, "if we walk in the light, as he (God) is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John i, 7. In September he attended a camp meeting in Bolton, Conn., which proved to be a spiritual pentecost to him—the glorious occasion when he was permitted to rejoice in the full salvation of the gospel. He has, as we may suppose, been very explicit and definite in his account of his experience at this time; and we prefer to give his own relation as it is contained in his diary and in several letters. On the 3d of September he writes in his journal as follows:—

"To-day I start for camp meeting at Bolton. May the Holy Spirit go and abide with me! I hope there to be freed from the contamination of sin. O Lord, convict me of the infinite importance of being holy in heart and life!"

He writes, "Sept. 10.—I have returned from the camp meeting. That occasion (so long as reason holds her reign) will never be forgotten. I went to the meeting resolved to enter immediately into the holy work, and with my aim at holiness of heart. Accordingly I entered upon the performance of duty as soon as an opportunity presented. Tuesday and Wednesday I felt no uncommon blessing. I entered into an examination of my heart, and sought to destroy every idol there. I came to the solemn and

deliberate conclusion that I would sacrifice *all* for the sake of Christ, for that holiness 'without which no man shall see the Lord.' I sought instruction and aid upon the subject from many of my devoted Christian friends. Greatly was I assisted by them; upon them may the blessings of Heaven continually rest, and finally may I meet them 'where pleasures never die!' O how pleasant is the fellowship of saints! While they were instructing me I was seeking with all my heart. I had bound all upon the altar of sacrifice, and looked to the blood of Jesus as the only ground of sanctification. Having done all that I could, and finding that Christ alone could save me to the uttermost, with a concentration of all my attention on the great atonement, and with a struggle of all the energies of the soul, together with the faith that his blood *now avails for me*, I swooned away into the embrace of the Saviour, and all was *peace*. A silent, heavenly tranquillity stole over me which no mortal tongue can ever describe. O how infinite did I behold the love of the Saviour to be; his willingness how great! He seemed more willing to bestow a full salvation than a partial joy. How sweet the rest in Jesus! No inward disposition to sin. The Son, and the Father, and the Holy Ghost come and take up their abode in the soul, and consequently the evil one finds nothing to accord with his suggestions. It is a heaven within. This work was accomplished in my heart the sixth day of September, about sunset.

“While on the ground, during Friday night, I had a severe trial of my faith. I felt, however, that I rested on the power of God. Amid all this trial I felt no condemnation. I came forth from the furnace purified, and with greater assurance of my adoption. The sacrament and parting scene were deeply interesting, and will be long remembered. On Saturday morning I left the sacred spot. While retiring I turned and gave another look—and what a look! The rush of feelings who can tell! On my way to Hartford I held deep and constant communion with Jesus. I felt willing to depart and be with him in glory. I was accompanied by five of my brethren, who have experienced the same great blessing with myself. It was a happy season.

“I resolved that I would do every duty in the fear of God, he being my helper. Consequently I proceeded to converse with my brethren at college as soon as an opportunity offered, and it was not in vain. They have deep desires for holiness of heart. They weep while I converse with them, and urge its necessity.”

Under the impression that it was his duty to bear public testimony before the students to the work wrought in his heart, he took occasion, near the conclusion of the service in the college chapel, on the sabbath morning following the camp meeting, to relate his experience. How his testimony was received is indicated in a letter from Mrs. Holdich to the writer, found at the end of this chapter.

He continues under the same date as follows :—

“ In the afternoon I felt such a sense of the divine glory that I could scarcely contain myself. My physical system was affected by the weight. A fever pervaded my whole frame. Glory to God, my will is swallowed up in his! Since last Thursday night I have felt no condemnation. It is therefore possible to live without sinning.

“ I am now to enter into my concerns in life. And it is now that I pray the Lord to keep me by the power of his Spirit. He has promised ; his word cannot fail. Therefore, as I enter upon these my regular duties with the sole design to glorify God, he will keep me. Sooner let me be taken out of existence while I am prepared, than let me betray my trust. Glorify thyself in me, and I am satisfied.”

The following letter to his parents, descriptive of his exercises as recorded in the preceding passage of his journal, will be read with interest :—

“Wesleyan University, Sept. 15, 1838.

“ DEAR PARENTS,—I have glorious news to write in this epistle. But where or how shall I begin? An era in my brief life has arrived which never before occurred.

“ With what grateful emotions do I reflect on the period when old things were done away, and all things became new—the time when a dear father, coming from the praying circle,

threw his arms about his son's neck, and then, with a father's affection, and with that love which the religion of Jesus inspires, entreated him to seek an interest in the loving Saviour! How dear that grove in Lincoln; how pleasant those fields which seemed to reflect the divine glory; how sweet that music which all nature conspired to make! Each songster of the grove, each spire of grass pointing heavenward, each leaf fluttering in the gentle breeze, all united in their Maker's praise. Cherished may the scenes of my past life ever be; but the present far surpasses the past. But where shall I begin or where end? I may begin the theme in time, but must fail to end it short of eternity! O glorious thought, that eternity alone will be the measure of the Saviour's praise!

"I think I wrote you, in some of my past communications, that I had thought much upon the subject of holiness of heart, and that I thought that state indispensable to success in the Christian ministry. Having frequently been brought to loathe the dead body of sin which I found connected with me, I finally came to the conclusion that I would make one mighty effort in the name of Jesus to have it sundered from me. If there were such a thing as loving God with all the heart, I was determined to know it. On the 3d instant I threw aside my books, obtained leave of absence from my college duties for a week, and bent my steps to the camp meeting in Bolton, resolved to enter immediately into the work, and seek

for full salvation. In the performance of duty I was blessed: but my standard was holiness; and though for a small blessing I was grateful, yet I was determined not to rest satisfied until I could safely and completely rest in Jesus' love. I sought the instruction and aid of those who loved the Lord with all the heart. I examined my heart, endeavoured to slay every idol there, to prepare the temple for the coming of the triune Deity. Around me gathered the pious followers of Jesus. I had now brought all, and bound myself upon the altar of sacrifice. But now the enemy of goodness, with all his powers, arrayed himself against me, and fain would have stopped me in my effort. But now for the last triumphant struggle. We kneeled in prayer to God. We prayed, we struggled, we kept the sacrifice (myself) bound upon the altar, we endeavoured to stretch out the hand of faith, and seemed almost to grasp the prize, we united the inward energies of the soul, we saw the sprinkled blood, we held up the promises of God, we believed the Saviour nigh, we said,

‘His blood demands the purchased grace,
His blood’s availing plea
Obtain’d the help for all our race,
And *sends it down to me.*’

I *yielded*, as though breathing myself away. And what was the consequence? Not the rushing mighty wind—not the outbursting of rapturous glory, as I had conceived; but it was as when the Saviour said, ‘Peace, be still.’

A silent calm stole over me, such as is witnessed in heaven when

‘Lo ! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.’

“How lovely the Saviour ! Then I felt his willingness to save to the uttermost. Then benevolence toward all mankind breathed through the soul. Then did I float on the ocean of his love. Then did I long to depart and be with Christ. Then was my will swallowed up in his. Then was the disposition to sin taken away. But I told you I could only begin the theme here. Father, when we get home to glory, where language does not fail, I will tell you the whole.

“By as much as the state of sanctification is better than that of justification, by so much is the happiness of my present period of life greater than that of the one to which I adverted in the former part of my letter. If my sheet were twice as large, I might fill it with sentiments and experience flowing from the soul. But if you have ever known what it is to love the Lord with all the heart, you can conceive of the soul’s emotions. If the spot in Lincoln is so dear, how can I express the fondness I feel for the sacred grove in Bolton ! As I was leaving it, I turned to gaze upon the scene. What a divine glory covered it ; what music pervaded it ! I thought, if this be so heavenly, what must be the delights of the celestial groves ! But here I must break away from the delight-

ful contemplation. May we have the pleasure of ranging them for ever ! And shall we all be there ? Without holiness we cannot see the Lord.

“ Should I lose the great blessing I have received, I never could doubt that the blood of Christ had cleansed me from all unrighteousness. It appears to me the Lord is more willing to bless us with a full salvation than merely with a partial one. Understand me in this. It is happy living to live in Jesus. Rest not short of holiness of heart. Preach, ‘ preach the word.’ This you may say to me. In the name of Jesus, I will.

“ I received yours in due season. I sympathize with you in your misfortune. I rejoice to learn that you can adopt the sentiment of the apostle, ‘ I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.’ Furthermore, I greatly rejoice to learn that the Lord is among the people in F. Pray on ; the prayer of faith availeth much. Tell Robert that he must seek to save his soul before it be too late. If grief could enter heaven, I should grieve not to find him there.

“ I have thought it would be my greatest pleasure to welcome the summons,—

‘ Child, your Father calls, come home.’

I feel ready for my Master’s will to be done. It would be a happy thing to me if I could, through Christ, save immortal souls, to lay this body even on foreign shores. It would be hard to leave my kindred, but it would be only

for a season ; if holy and faithful, we should meet in 'fairer worlds on high.' Pray for and instruct your son,
I. JENNISON, JR."

Various are the mental and spiritual exercises through which the devoted disciple of Christ passes in his conflicts with Satan and the world, and in his pious exertions and heavenly aspirations. As the Christian, when he endeavours to be most devoted to God, usually finds the most fiery darts of Satan hurled at him, so our brother was, at times, called to pass through severe contests with the enemy. He writes :—

"September 17.—Jesus is the same ; there is peace within. By his grace am I saved through faith. During the week I have found peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. On Tuesday morning I had the severest trial through which I have ever passed. I have had many grievous temptations and suggestions, yet amid them all I have felt a reliance upon Christ—have felt to say in my heart, 'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.' I have felt great delight in reading the Bible and Wesley's Sermons. How full of rich and deep instruction !

"I have felt no disposition to sin. I delight in the communion of saints, and I love all mankind. I am ready to yield up this my body to fall on foreign shores, if I may but glorify my Jesus. Yesterday I went to Middlefield, and endeavoured to offer the word of life in the

name of my Master. He was pleased to speak through me. Glory be to his name. When he preaches, the word is preached. To him be all the praise and glory. Trusting solely upon Jesus, I commence the duties of another week.

"24th.—Have learned that I can engage in intense study without loss of confidence in God. My enjoyment is not of a flame-like character, but is deep and steady. I feel that I am in the hands of the Lord, ready to do all his will.

"Oct. 1.—During most of the week past have enjoyed peace, and great confidence in God. Whether my unhappiness during the last of the week arose from unfaithfulness, or from any other cause, I scarcely know. This much I do know, that although I did not feel great joy, I nevertheless felt that I would be wholly the Lord's. The Lord knows I would not betray my trust. What! leave my Jesus, the hope of eternal happiness? Sooner let me leave the shores of time. Yesterday had a hard struggle in prayer for victory over the enemy, who had for some time rendered me unhappy. The victory I gained; again I felt a perfect reliance upon Jesus; had communion with the skies. Last evening endeavoured to talk to the people in the African church. The Lord gave me considerable liberty. To him be all the glory. O save immortal souls: give me to feel more fully their value!"

The pages of his journal which follow are written chiefly in the same strain of religious interest and pious fervour. Indeed, after the

camp meeting at Bolton, religion became his absorbing theme, and he was enabled to hold all other pursuits in due subordination to the claims of love and obedience to God. He had trials and temptations, through which he was sometimes in heaviness, and we find him deeply sensible of unworthiness and infirmities; but we find his soul awake to the great interests of truth and righteousness, happy in endeavouring to do good and to serve God, and frequently exulting in the enjoyment of special manifestations of divine love and grace. We offer the remaining extracts in this chapter as illustrative of these remarks.

“8th.—My studies go well. I have given all for Christ. Lord, sanctify all my attainments to thy service. I am thine, for I am bought with a price. On Christ I rest. ‘I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.’ I feel for souls; but enable me to feel for them in the manner and degree I should. O the world, it lieth in wickedness; it hangs over an awful hell. Let thy church be purified, and come to its rescue in the name of her God. Prepare me for the great work of saving souls.

“14th.—I see daily the importance of dedicating myself to God. It is by the power of God alone that I stand. ‘The world comes, at times, with all its flood of influence, and almost bears me away from my Saviour. O holiness of heart, how important to effect any good to a perishing world! Am I called to the great work of saving souls? What a weak, bruised

reed! My hand almost trembles while I write. What a responsible office!

"22d.—Have just returned from good seasons at Glastenbury and Wethersfield. At W., in the evening, had a powerful time. Brother Wheat preached. Thirteen mourners came forward for prayers.

"A word in relation to my own experience. Monday I enjoyed myself well; had peace in believing. But on Tuesday I was conscious of doing wrong. I had scruples about eating nuts, as they are, I think, detrimental to my health, and consequently would render me less capable of glorifying God. I indulged in eating fifteen or twenty. I did not feel that nearness to God which I had felt before. I made this known to my brethren in band. But I have found that I am accepted through Christ. I feel reconciled to God through Jesus.

"29th.—During the week past have had more genuine, solid enjoyment, than I ever before realized. I am becoming more and more settled and grounded in the faith of Christ. The Lord knows that in all my studies I want to glorify him. I therefore pray for his blessing upon all my attainments. Yesterday was again unexpectedly in Glastenbury. Had a soul-cheering time while speaking to the people in the afternoon. Praise the Lord!

"Sabbath evening, Nov. 11.—This has been a glorious day to my soul. I have finished reading the Life of Watson. I have gained much information, in the perusal, in reference

to those qualities which are calculated to render one beloved and useful, in an eminent degree. Lord, help me to imitate his example in these Christian characteristics! Help me to be humble, to glory in nothing save the cross of Christ! During the week I have had some dark hours, but this morning brought with it the smiles of my Saviour. At noon especially, while fasting and spreading my case before the Lord in prayer with all submission and child-like simplicity, the blessed Jesus filled me (unworthy worm of earth) with joy unspeakable. Where shall I begin his praise!

“I am now reading the Life of James B. Taylor, a young man preparing for the ministry. He had just become ready to enter the field of action, and his Father in heaven said, ‘Child, come home.’ He was continually devoted to God through all his course of study. He sought and found holiness of heart, and exhibited it in all his intercourse in life. O for higher attainments in holiness! Let me live only for the glory of God, and the good of dying souls.

“Sabbath evening, 18th.—The past week has been the happiest week of my life. The Lord has been pleased to bless such an unworthy creature as I am beyond all my expectations. He has given me joy and delight of soul which never can be expressed. Scarcely a cloud has intervened between the sun and me. Had I ten thousand tongues, how profitably and gladly could I employ them in my Redeemer’s praise!

How full and free this salvation ! We have not to ascend into heaven to bring Christ down, nor descend into the deep to bring him up, for he is nigh us, even in our heart. Glory be to God ! On Friday evening at our prayer meeting was greatly blessed in speaking of God's goodness, and of holding communion with him. Also was wonderfully blessed in class meeting."

The following letters are in good keeping with the last extract from his diary :—

TO HIS PARENTS.

" Wesleyan University, Nov. 20, 1838.

" VERY DEAR PARENTS,—Think not that because I have, for some time, been silent, I have forgotten you. Be it remembered that next to my God you are held dearest in my affections. When I wrote you last, I informed you faintly of the wonders the Lord had done for me. Glory be to his name, he is increasingly precious. My enjoyment is pure and solid. Yes, my 'peace is like a river.' For the most part I can, day and night, sing praises to his holy name. Especially I must mention one or two instances of late. Last Friday evening, in our prayer meeting, I arose to speak of God's goodness, and of the witness of the Spirit which I then had of my acceptance with the Father, when such a silence and peace seemed to steal over my soul and the minds of all present as cannot be told. Heaven came down to earth. The Holy One overshadowed us all. After

meeting I retired to my room, and very soon a dear brother came up, and wished to know the secret of my great enjoyment. You must naturally know I would tell him as well as I could. We were happy while conversing. This brother is seeking for holiness of heart. When the hour for rest came, my room-mate and myself had a joyous season in prayer; and the lips of praise to God only ceased as I calmly closed my eyes in sweet repose, to steal forth again when the morning light should wake me. O how sweet to rest in Jesus! When I have thus reposed for the night, I have almost wished that I might awake in that heaven where is naught but brightest morn. But no, says patience, wait and do thy Master's will. O well, obedient then I will be until he shall say, 'Child, come home.'

"But I must say a word in reference to last sabbath. On Saturday I had a trial of my faith. I stood in the power of Jesus' might. Founded on him, all the powers of the enemy avail nothing. This trial, however, held on until sabbath, about noon. I started on sabbath morning, with the brother above mentioned, to hold a meeting about five miles distant. I knew not what the Lord might do, or whether we should have a victorious season. Our trust was in the Lord. This brother made his first attempt at speaking in the morning. Memorable season to us both. The Lord assisted him. When he had ended I gave a short exhortation. The Lord gave me victory: I closed. Had a

good season at noon talking upon the subject of holiness. I arose in the afternoon to address the people in the name of my Master; the presence of the Holy One was manifest. Let glory be given to the Lamb for ever, who pleases to manifest himself through dust like me. This he does, that the excellency may appear to be not of us, but of God. To him be all the glory.

“But the best of the wine was reserved until the close of the day. We were invited to brother B.’s; and who can tell the joy of the interview? By singing, and by conversation on the subject of holiness, we found it to be a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. We sat down to partake of food for the body, and we felt that whether eating or drinking, we were doing it to the glory of God; for to my astonishment, while I was giving a short history of my experience, we were eating not, but were held almost motionless by the divine presence. I must tell you what drew out this relation of my history. There was a kind mother at the table, and I looked upon her and said, ‘Well, if the Lord spare my life and health, I hope to see *my* dear mother; yes, and father too.’ At the word father, I at once began to tell how kindly and affectionately he threw his arms around the neck of his son at the camp meeting in Lincoln. We prayed with them, and left our blessing. All was *peace*.

“We came well nigh being transported from earth to glory, narrowly escaping being dashed

in pieces as we were starting for home. But the Lord preserved us from injury. How calm I was! How gladly could I have joined the heavenly hosts! Though it stormed greatly, yet we were happy all the way, and arrived at home in safety. We are now in the spirit of praise. All college duties go pleasantly and prosperously. We are doing all things with an eye to the glory of God.

“Bear me in remembrance to all inquiring friends. I am, as ever, your dutiful, unworthy son,
ISAAC.”

TO MRS. S. STEVENS,
(Wife of Mr. Franklin Stevens, Boston.)

“*Wesleyan University, Nov. 22, 1838.*

“DEAR AND RESPECTED COUSIN,—Had I an angel’s pen I could not write the praises that are due to our blessed Jesus. Nor if I had a thousand tongues, could I sufficiently adore his name—the name ‘that charms our fears,’ and makes all within peaceful and tranquil as calmest evening twilight. True, we may here begin his praise, but, happy thought, it shall be continued through eternity.

“For many weeks past I have enjoyed communion with my heavenly Father. Do you still hold in dear remembrance the scene we witnessed five years since in Lincoln grove? Though that spot will ever be held dear by me as my spiritual birth-place, yet Bolton camp grove can never be forgotten as the place where

the 'old man' was completely crucified, and where, like Jacob, I wrestled and prevailed. May I not spiritually call that place Peniel, which, being interpreted, is the face or vision of God? When the victory was won, when I had fallen just as I was into the hands of Jesus, then by faith I beheld his *smiling* face. While all submissive I remained at the feet of the blessed Redeemer, how kind and loving that look of his, who looks and all is heaven! It was in the grove in Bolton that I began to know that it is possible to love the Lord with all the heart, soul, mind, and strength. If I could I would tell you how I felt when all was given to Christ. It was no 'rushing, mighty wind,' no overwhelming rapture, but a silent tranquillity, such as seems to rest upon the peaceful lake when the sun, first rising, throws his gentlest, mildest beams over its undisturbed surface. O that Saviour's smile, can I ever forget it? No, never. Though since that time, now and then a cloud has intervened, yet it was only for a short season. And although he seemed to hide his countenance, yet at the same time he assured me that it was for my good. By this he teaches us to prize his smiles. How often have I desired to go up and dwell in his immediate presence! But patience bids me wait until he shall call me home.

"O why should we live away from that communion which we may hold with Jesus, even in this life! Dear cousin, I now see how little I have lived for his glory. Did he not create

us for nobler thoughts and affections than the objects of earth excite? Jesus gives us to feel that this is not our native home, that we are only 'strangers and pilgrims' here, and are citizens of another and better country. Permit me, as one who wishes your best, your eternal good, to inquire if your hopes are bright for that better world? Do you find that 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness?' Does the place of secret prayer frequently find you, with the simplicity of a Mary, at the feet of our beloved Saviour? Or are you, like Martha, 'troubled about many things?' I think the latter is not the case. What is our life, that it should be employed in other ways than in seeking to please that kind Redeemer who died to exalt us from sorrow to eternal happiness? You know we may be happy in the things of the world to-day, but to-morrow the cloud of adversity may darken all the delightful prospect. But whom am I addressing? One that wishes my present and future good, and hopes to meet me in the skies.

"Humbly expressing my best wishes and sincere prayers that you may live happily, die triumphantly, and soliciting the same from you, permit me to subscribe myself your unworthy cousin,
ISAAC."

Nov. 25, he writes in his journal as follows:—
"I feel as ever given up to God. The past week has not been one of so much joy as the one previous, yet I think I have, in a good degree, grown in grace. I have some trials of

faith ; these I count all gain, because they only serve to make my enjoyment the more solid and pure. It is my daily prayer that I may become more like my blessed Master—meek and lowly, humble and gentle, kind and loving toward all.

“ Dec. 2.—During the past week I cannot think that I have declined in spirituality, although it is true that during most of the week clouds have intervened to obscure the Sun of righteousness. I think I can appeal with honesty of soul to Him who knows the heart, and say, ‘ Not my will, but thine be done.’ But I do feel sensible that there are higher and still higher enjoyments for me and for all.

“ When I do not behold the Saviour’s face by faith, I am unhappy. O for strong, unwavering faith ! While, of late, looking over my past life, and that portion of it, too, in which I have professed to be a disciple of Jesus, I have seen how little I have exerted myself for the cause of Christianity—for the salvation of immortal souls. In the midst of such feelings I have realized a surrender of my soul to God, and have breathed forth the prayer, O Lord, teach me my duty, prepare me for thy service, glorify thyself in me, and crown me in heaven.

“ 14th.—I am now with my outer garment on, waiting for the coach. I hope to be prospered in my journey home to visit my friends. During the vacation may the Lord use me in promoting his cause. All I am I give to him. Lord, take the unworthy offering. May I return again to pursue my studies with success. Let

all my attainments be sanctified to the service of the Lord ; and when the time shall come for me to leave the shores of mortality, may the soul then clap her wings, and say, ‘ Vain world, adieu ! ’ ”

I am happy to be able to present the reader the following reminiscences of our dear young brother, in extracts of a letter from Mrs. Holdich, wife of the Rev. Professor Holdich, of the Wesleyan University. The letter, it will be seen, refers to several periods in the history of our brother ; but as it is rather indefinite in point of time except in reference to an event noticed in his diary in this chapter, and anticipates nothing of prominence in the details of the narrative, I judged it best to give it an insertion in this place. It will, I think, form an appropriate conclusion of the present chapter.

“ Middletown, April 4, 1842.

“ DEAR SIR,—We were glad to hear that the memorials of Mr. Jennison were to be gathered and preserved. Surely the lovely example must stimulate many hearts to strive to imitate one who presented religion in its sweetest aspect, and between whose profession and practice there was such beautiful harmony. We can recall no striking incidents. You know there was nothing dazzling in his career—that his religious feelings were very uniform—and that though, while with him, we always felt his pure and holy influence, and enjoyed his profitable conversation, yet he rarely dropped any very striking remarks which we could recall afterward.

“The first recollection that I have of Mr. Jennison, is of an occurrence on the sabbath after his return from the camp meeting, (at Bolton,) where he had been so greatly blessed. Dr. Fisk preached in the chapel, and when he had finished his sermon, Mr. Jennison arose and addressed the students. He spoke in a low voice, and being at a distance from me I could hear but little that he said. The next day one of the tutors visited us, and upon some person asking him what the students thought of the exhortation they received the day before, he replied, ‘They received it far better from Jennison than they would have done from any other one in college, for they have such confidence in his piety.’

“Not very long after this Mr. H. stayed unusually late at the college one evening. When he came in he told me he had been engaged in conversation with Jennison, and added, ‘He is one of the most pious and lovely young men I ever knew. I want you to know him, and have asked him to come to tea to-morrow evening.’ From that time he frequently visited us. One afternoon, I named to him a young gentleman of a distinguished family and large fortune, who was a student, and regretted that he was so inattentive to religious subjects. Mr. Jennison replied that he was not so indifferent to religion as many supposed. ‘I visited him,’ he added, ‘a few days ago to talk with him about his soul. I looked over his library, and, taking down a very handsome Bible, told

him that that was a good book, and that I was sorry to see it so little used. Mr. T. replied, 'O that is not the one I use—see, here it is on the table.' When I urged him to seek the Lord, he was much affected, and shed tears several times. When I left him, he thanked me for calling, and requested me to visit him again.' This little incident shows the nature of his intercourse with his fellow-students.

"One afternoon he had been speaking of the trust in the Saviour that he was enabled habitually to exercise. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of some one. 'The Life of Mrs. Hemans by her sister was lying upon the table. He asked me respecting her religious character. I handed him the book that he might read the sweet account that her faithful Anna Creer gives of Mrs. Hemans' last feelings. He was much struck with it. He repeated those beautiful words with deep feeling, 'I am like a quiet babe at his feet, and yet my spirit is full of his strength.' 'Ah,' he said, 'that is the spirit, Mrs. H., that is the true feeling of the sanctified heart!' At another time he spoke of his constant peace. I said, 'How happy you are! You can have no fear of death.' 'O no!' he answered, 'the grave looks very pleasant to me—it is the way to my Saviour.' He added more to the same effect, but I cannot remember his exact words. Yours sincerely,

"LYDIA AUSTIN HOLDICH."

CHAPTER VI.

Vacation—Letter to Rev. F. Fisk—Sickness and death of Dr. Fisk—Letter to his parents—To Mr. J. Dennison—Revival—Study and education—Nature charming—Sense of insufficiency—Letter to his father—Value of religion—Examination.

THE winter vacation he spent partly at home, but chiefly in Billerica, Mass., “with one to whom,” he says, “under a favouring Providence, I owe an increasing debt of gratitude. May Heaven bless him with the dews of saving grace.” The desires which he expressed relative to the vacation were in a good degree gratified, he says; and having had a pleasant visit among his friends, and at length shaken the parting hand, he returned to the university, and resumed his accustomed duties.

Just before leaving home he wrote to his cousin, Rev. F. Fisk, the following letter, from which we learn something of his views, feelings, and efforts during the vacation:—

“*Natick, Feb. 4, 1839.*”

“DEAR COUSIN,—Yours of the 17th ult. came to hand last Saturday, on my arrival from Billerica, where I have had the happiness of spending five or six weeks with brother F. I say five or six weeks. Though that has been considered my home, I have, during that time, been in Lowell and Boston. In the latter place I spent a week with cousin S., and

other acquaintances. Was present at the dedication of the new house in North Russel-street. It was an interesting season.

“In my last I gave you an account of the wonderful and glorious dealings of God with my soul. ‘How is it with you now?’ you ask. To this, through the mercy of Heaven, I am able to say, *Well*. I have communion with God—peace in believing. Sometimes I have a brighter evidence of my acceptance than at others. The service of God is my delight. I feel conscious, however, that I have not made advancement so fast as I might by unabating effort. Though ‘changes of season or place’ make no change in my principles, yet you know such changes are calculated to be more or less favourable to *advancement* in the holy way. You know that we cannot maintain good habits so well when we are moving from one place to another, and mingling with different individuals. I find that much of evenness of enjoyment depends upon habit, as well with regard to the physical as the mental and moral departments of our nature. Ignorance in regard to the physical constitution of man I consider a source of incalculable evil. You know St. Paul reasoned not only of righteousness and judgment, but also of *temperance*; and I would understand him to use the term in reference to all the physical wants and faculties of man.

“I have found by experience that steady enjoyment consists not in *feeling* altogether, but

in fixedness of purpose—in the preservation of a disposition continually to do the will of Heaven. O, dear cousin, there is nothing like living close by the side of Jesus, where flows the healing stream! We need every moment an application of the Saviour's blood. We cannot preach with success nor with acceptance to God, unless we lie passively in the arms of Jesus. O, how we may recommend the blessed gospel in our daily walk and intercourse with the world, if we but feel it our meat and drink to do our Master's will! Our very countenance and air will tell upon the heart and conscience of those with whom we associate. But of this I need not tell you. May the Lord smile upon and bless us with all grace.

“While I was at Billerica I assisted brother W. on the sabbath, and endeavoured to pour home the truth upon the understanding and conscience. Whether any good has been effected by the humble efforts, it is for time and eternity to unfold. One week yesterday, in the afternoon, I gave them my last and faithful message. The Lord knows that it proceeded from a warm and honest heart. Last Friday morning I left the place to which I had just begun to feel an endearing attachment.

“Yesterday attended quarterly meeting at Framingham—a good time. In consequence of a bad cold, however, I was unable to speak aloud. It was what they call an old-fashioned quarterly meeting. Came from all parts of the circuit.

“Next Monday I leave for Middletown. This

term will close my second year. It will be a term of four months and a half—a long pull.
Yours in love, I. JENNISON, JR.”

On his return to Middletown he found, to his deep regret, that his “beloved and respected president” was just on the borders of the grave. The distinguished, amiable, and devoted Fisk was fast passing away from earthly connections, to mingle in the higher relations and mysteries of heaven. How does a reference to this event arrest our thoughts, touch our sensibilities, and cause us to realize a sense of vacancy and destitution which nothing on earth can supply! Those who were permitted to share in the personal and particular regards of the lamented Fisk, feel that the loss of his companionship can never be repaired by an earthly friend; and especially those who were conversant with his course as a Christian, and a Methodist minister, faithful in his strong and enduring attachment to the interests of Christ and the church, feel deeply sensible of the loss which our Israel has sustained, and look wistfully and doubtingly to see his place supplied in the hearts of the people, and in the various enterprises of Zion. Our young brother shall tell his tale of sorrow and of triumph, as a sharer in the mournful satisfaction of witnessing the last hours of Dr. Fisk’s eventful and useful career.

“Under a favouring Providence,” he says, “I am safely here in No. 24, north section, to resume my accustomed duties. The greeting

of old associates is pleasant. My room-mate will soon return, with whom I hope to spend the pleasant weeks. It causes me to drop the tear of deep feeling to find our beloved president near the gates of death. One week last Saturday it was supposed that he was bidding adieu to earth for fairer worlds on high. But he yet survives. It is doubtful whether he will long remain. He is in the hands of that Being who is too wise to err. I have had the privilege of attending him in his distressing hours. He is calm—is resigned. Heavenly Father, we have committed the case into thy hands. Thy will be done."

The following letter to his parents describes more particularly the scenes just alluded to in the diary :—

" Wesleyan University, Feb. 17, 1839.

"DEAR PARENTS,—"'Tis sabbath—'tis holy day. How pleasant at the call of 'the church-going bell' to assemble in the sanctuary, and listen to the 'news' which the angels, assembled in the blue heavens over the watchful shepherds, called 'good!' Who sufficiently appreciates the blessings of a Christian land? How infinitely merciful is our heavenly Father! Sometimes while I am thinking of the character of the divine Being, my eyes melt with tears of heartfelt love. A rush of thought, with regard to his merciful dealings toward his dependant creatures, overwhelms the soul.

"A change of circumstances had a tendency

somewhat to interrupt the enjoyment which, through divine goodness, I possessed for some months previous to my visit among my friends ; yet, I trust, I am still in favour with Heaven. I find that there is no better place than college to serve the Lord. Anew I feel disposed to dedicate myself to God. 'My heart is fixed.' My desires are heavenward. What are all earthly hopes or prospects ? Fading, *fading* is written on all things of earth. Let *my* treasure be above. Pray for your son.

"Not until I arrived in Hartford did I learn that our beloved president was so fast declining. One week yesterday all supposed him breathing his last. The doors were thrown open for any and all to see him who wished. The students (those who were here) were called. He shook hands with each, speaking or rather whispering something appropriate to each one. The scene, they told me, was indescribable. He was rapturously happy. His visions of glory were bright. His language was almost more than human.

"I arrived here Thursday about noon. He is still alive, but in great pain. I was with him from Friday noon till about ten in the evening, and also from yesterday noon till about four, P. M. To-morrow morning at six I am to watch with him again. Though he is some easier, yet it is very improbable that he will survive long. Medicine does not seem to affect the disease. The physicians have declared it beyond their power to effect his cure. He

will doubtless be carried away in one of the severe paroxysms or spasms in which they have frequently supposed him to be dying. In all this he has strong confidence in Jesus. Said he to me, while holding his head, 'He trod the Father's wine-press alone.' 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' Again: 'In everything give thanks.' 'I ought,' said he, 'if it be the will of the Lord, to suffer as well as to rejoice.' All this is expressive of his submission.

"Our prayers are fervent for the will of the Lord to be done in this case. If it be consistent with the designs of Heaven, we most ardently wish him to be spared. Should he be taken away, all of us students would feel as without our father. While I hold his venerable head, silvered o'er with honoured locks, thoughts rush fast through my mind, and feelings melt my soul. And how frequently does his affectionate wife come up and kiss his forehead, and drop the tender tear! It melts my heart. I almost wish to go home to rest while I think of those brighter glories. O if we lose him here, he will reap eternal joys above! He is now in a calm state, and though his body is racked with pain, his trust is in God. Remember his case at the throne of grace. Yours with affection,
I. JENNISON, JR."

On the 26th of February he wrote a letter to Mr. Joseph Dennison, now a member of the

New-England Conference, in which he gives some further particulars of this triumphant death-bed scene, with his own reflections on the affecting event.

“ Wesleyan University, Feb. 26, 1839.

“ DEAR BROTHER DENNISON,—Doubtless ere you read these lines, you will have heard the solemn and mournful intelligence of the departure of our beloved president. And can it be that he has done with the scenes of time? Has he whom we so much loved and esteemed gone from this little group to join the glorified and blood-washed throng above? Shall we no more gaze upon his dignified person, and meet his affable greeting, his kind and gentle look? Shall we hear his voice no more in wise counsel and instruction? Will he no more stand in the consecrated desk, and point out the way which leads to immortality? Has our father, the guardian of our temporal and spiritual interests, gone?

“ He sleeps in the silent grave. This day we followed him to the lonely spot. Did I say that we followed *him*, that *he* sleeps in the grave? I mean his material form. *He* is in heaven. Let me proceed to write you something about his sickness, and why I say he is in heaven.

“ Two weeks last Friday he was taken suddenly very ill, or rather it was then that the physicians gave him up. On Saturday they thought him dying. He himself expected every moment to go. His pain was great. His soul was wrap-

ped in holy love. He could only whisper, but he whispered burning thoughts. He wished to see the students. They were called. With each he shook hands, and whispered something appropriate to each. All were bathed in tears. 'To some he would say, 'Farewell ;' to others, 'Renounce the devil and *all* his works.' P. he held by the hand, and, looking up to heaven, prayed for mercy on him. P. burst into loud weeping. O 'twas a solemn scene. His language was like a burning seraph's. He thought he was beating over the billows of death, for, after he passed through the struggle in which he expected to expire, he said, 'I almost gained the shore, but the tempests beat me off.' The professors tried to take down his language, but it looked so meagre they committed it to the flames. He used unearthly eloquence. It was said he never used more sublime and flaming language. Brother Bartlett has written some of it, which he read to me. (I was not then here.) I will give you the following instances. When asked if the doctrines of Scripture which he had preached would stand the test, he answered, '*They will bear the light of eternity.*' Again, said he to his wife, who was then by his side, weeping and holding his supposed dying head, and gazing upward, evidently in prayer, 'Dear wife, think not, when you behold this body cold in death, that it is your husband ; *he* will be in heaven, glowing with *ethereal fire!*' Hence I say *he* sleeps not in the silent grave.

“ But to the astonishment of all he recovered from his agony, and continued in a declining state until Friday last, at a quarter before ten o'clock. I arrived here one week last Thursday, and hence found him alive. I was with him about three days. He knew me. I held his fainting head. While with him he quoted several passages of Scripture which were expressive of his submission, and which I shall always remember. I was with him in his dying moments. Brother Pickard and I alternately held his head until he fell asleep in death. He died very easily.

“ When you come I can tell you more respecting this solemn event. What a solemn and touching address at the funeral occasion in the church! Many wept. The house was entirely full. You will come here, but can no more behold the pleasant countenance of our beloved president. May Heaven sanctify this dispensation to our eternal good! We mourn not as those who have no hope. If faithful, we may meet him in that bright assembly above. There is a prospect of a revival in the city—some have been converted. Pray for us.
Yours in love, I. JENNISON, JR.”

“ God buries his workmen, but carries on his work.” And often does he make the death of his distinguished servants instrumental in the extension of his truth. “The blood of the martyrs” has been “the seed of the church.” “As it is appointed unto all men once to die,

God provides for this unavoidable calamity by putting his Spirit on one and another of his servants from age to age, enabling them, by their speech, their example, and their pen, to communicate to successive generations those great doctrines and sentiments of true religion, which make their divine and saving impression upon multitudes in every age. The source and secret of this power over men for good are for ever the same—the word and Spirit of God: and whoever, with the ordinary faculties of man, will be content not “to know anything among” men, “save Jesus Christ, and him crucified,” and to carry out this knowledge to its full extent in humility, and faith, and zeal, will be distinguished for that rare and commanding attribute of Dr. Fisk’s greatness—goodness—and will leave his impress on the minds around him, to be transmitted to future ages. While we lament, then, “that a great man hath fallen in Israel,” let us at the same time rejoice that Jesus Christ, who made him great, yet lives, “the same yesterday, and to-day, and *for ever*.”

We shall find in the following passages from his diary that young Jennison is still pressing forward in the way of holiness, though at times in the midst of difficulties, temptations, and spiritual conflicts. He still realizes that all goodness and purity come from God, is sensible of his own entire moral weakness and insufficiency, and finds that, when a moment off his watch, Satan takes the advantage, and afflicts him with anxious doubts and fears.

Then he calls on the strong for strength, then he flees to the blood of sprinkling, then he gives himself anew to be the Lord's alone.

"Monday morning, March 11.—During the week past have laboured hard at my studies; have not therefore found time to attend the protracted meeting in the city. Have had some trials of mind, yet my confidence is still in God. Yesterday was a profitable day. In the afternoon I endeavoured to speak to a respectable congregation in the alms-house. The Lord was there by his Spirit. It was cheering, after the discourse, to listen to the heart-thrilling testimonies of old and young Christians. Heaven heaved in view, faith explored the fields of the New Canaan. May the Lord bless all the people!

"Last evening attended church in the city. The Lord was there in mighty power. The altar and front pews were filled with seekers after Jesus. The Lord bless them. Especially may God have mercy upon that young man with whom I conversed, who entertains the notion that all will unconditionally be saved. His foundation is sandy. When the floods come it cannot remain.

"18th.—In many respects, the day of sacred rest (yesterday) was profitable. Heard brother Bangs during the whole day and evening. His preaching was practically good. In the evening the congregation was exceedingly large. The altar was crowded with mourners. The work increases in power and solemnity.

“During the week I have had conflicts with the enemy. He attacks me within. I have lost some ground by not engaging more actively in the work. Lord, purify my heart, for I find it to be above all things the most deceitful. I would bear about me every day, yea, every moment, the marks of the Lord Jesus. Help me to be more faithful to myself and others. Without thy smile, blessed Jesus, I am miserable. Seal me thine for ever.

“Monday, April 1.—This morning finds me in the enjoyment of many blessings. It is an externally pleasant morn. The sun rises cheeringly. Though a transient fog obscured his first rays, yet he now shines forth in his strength. The heavens above are clear and serene, and fitly represent the heart completely dedicated to the triune Deity. The Sun of righteousness cheerfully illuminates the soul of the devoted, entirely-dedicated Christian, rendering it serene and happy. O ‘who that loves can love enough!’

“The week past was much as the one preceding—some delightful seasons, others unpleasant. Last Friday left for Glastenbury, for the purpose of attending a protracted meeting. In the evening endeavoured to address the people, but had a dry time. The fault was in me. I committed it to the Lord. Some dozen or more went forward for prayers; two found peace; one testified boldly to the power of the gospel. The Lord bless them. Sunday was, all day, in Warsuck, a town adjoining G. Had

a glorious time while addressing the people. The congregation were mostly professors of religion—new converts. The Lord keep them by the power of his Spirit.

“8th.—The past week, especially the last part of it, was exceedingly strengthening to my soul. Wednesday evening had a long, and, in a good degree, triumphant struggle with the enemy. A Christian does not live unless he be entirely dedicated to God. Heaven demands the entire heart. I have enjoyed a peaceful sinking into the will of God the few days past, and am now resting there. How delightful to be in such a state as this! All things in the external and internal world, blending in harmony, afford inexpressible joy.

“Last evening went with Professor Huber to hold a meeting on what is called Long Hill. Had not usual freedom in speaking, nevertheless, the Lord was there, blessed be his holy name. Whether I have a free time in speaking or otherwise, I find it the best way to commit all to God, and let him dispose of it as will best please him.

“Sabbath evening, 14th.—The past week has gone with me much as some weeks previous; some trials and some rejoicings. This is the pilgrim's lot. Of late have been led to feel my utter nothingness while contemplating the stupendous character of God. The more I study, the more I examine the laws by which the material and moral universe is governed, the more am I led to humble myself, and admire and

adore the power and wisdom of the Eternal. I find it easier to believe than formerly. Lord, let me ever passively lie in thy supporting arms, be sheltered beneath thy wing.

“I feel more and more the importance of education. It is not good to be without knowledge. It requires the utmost skill, and the profoundest knowledge, together with a great portion of the Holy Spirit, rightly to divide and enforce the word of God. In consequence of ignorance, how much crime and misery! When will darkness be removed? May the Lord speed any enterprise tending to its removal.

“22d.—It is a delightful morning. Not a cloud obscures the sky; the sun beams forth in beauty over hill, plain, and river. How placidly glides the stream in yon vale! The canvass-winged bark of the sailor floats peacefully on the old ocean’s mighty deep. All notes in harmony are blending in one elating song to cheer the heart of man, and praise the Creator’s name. Every zephyr is fraught with health; every heart *should* rejoice. But alas! the human heart, how depraved and dark! Designed to sing in unison with all-harmonious nature the song of true, unfeigned praise, it mingles discordant notes, it stops to weep—to weep o’er follies past, to sigh for heaven.

“This has been my case during the week just gone. Through my folly I shed the tear of regret. I have been unfaithful; a combination of causes almost inexplicable has rendered and still renders me unhappy. I know not

but all this is to show me the vanity of placing my affections on fading things—to wean me from earth. I would know the heaven of loving God alone. How weak is man! how deceitful his heart! In some degree, at least, I feel *my* weakness, *my* ignorance. How can I preach the great gospel of Christ? How much wisdom is requisite! I am almost led to give up the great and responsible undertaking. Can it be that God has chosen such a weak, incompetent instrument as me? O Lord, if thou hast, thou hast promised, (and can thy promise fail?) ‘Lo, I am with you alway.’ O how, *how* without clean hands and a pure heart can thy will be done! Lord, take me, sprinkle and make me clean, bathe me in the atoning blood; thine, *thine* I am to all eternity.”

The following letter to his father seems much in unison with the spirit of the last-quoted entry in his journal:—

“*Wesleyan University, April 29, 1839.*

“DEAR FATHER,—I am happy to inform you that my health is good. Should we not be cheerful and happy when nature appears so lovely? To speak poetically, spring has come, driving away winter, pelting him with violets. Truly it is pleasant to see trees and plants putting forth their beautiful and fragrant blossoms. Some call this a dreary world. But it is man alone that makes it so. Nature speaks with her ten thousand voices, bidding us rejoice, and praise our Maker too. If man would attend to

the command and promise given by our Saviour in his sermon on the mount : ‘ Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you,’ surely even *this* world might comparatively become an Eden. We see that the enjoyment derived from nature, or created objects, depends upon first giving the heart to God, upon having the world within us revolve around Jesus, the moral sun, the central attraction of all our desires and affections. It is then, and then only, that we can feelingly say,—

‘ Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.’

“ Perhaps we have more to inspire us with such emotions here, from the fact that just down in yon vale flows the peacefully-gliding Connecticut, on whose bosom we frequently see floating the sailor’s bark ; while all around us the scenery is picturesque and enchanting—beautifully diversified with hill and dale. But whoever, anywhere, looks ‘ through nature up to nature’s God,’ may find occasion to praise and adore. The wonders of creation are great :

‘ But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms ;
Here the *whole* Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.’

“This is a world of trial, and therefore, so long as we are connected with earth, we must expect some transient clouds to pass between us and heaven, just as the clouds, this morning, hide from our view the beams of the natural sun. On Saturday last what a delightful morning! all was tranquil; not a cloud skirted the heavens; and the sun rose beautifully upon the awaking world, cheering all things into rapture. Yesterday, though somewhat dim, was a pleasant day to resort to the holy temple for divine worship. O,

‘Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast.’

“Yesterday, while visiting the college cemetery, and gazing upon the silent grave of our beloved president, thoughts and emotions which cannot be expressed exercised my mind and heart. Frequently, when looking upon his portrait as it hangs in my room, I ask myself, Has he gone? Can it be? Dr. Fisk gone? Hear his voice no more? But when I go to his grave, then it is that such questions come home with great weight upon the heart. There, upon yon little hill, with but the slumbering ashes of four or five, he lies! The green grass is fast weaving together the lately thrown up sods. The gentle winds of evening sing his requiem. The walks around his grave are sprinkled with the tears of many. His surviving widow weeps under her mantle of mourning.

“Life is short, death is certain. It has just

removed the daughter of brother Seys, the missionary. He is in Africa; his wife, who lives in this city, weeps alone with the surviving children, till the sad and unexpected intelligence shall reach the husband—the father. Then will he weep, dropping his tears on Afric's shore. She was in the bloom of life, an amiable, intelligent youth, upon whom fond parents were depending for comfort in after years. But this only shows us that dependance can confidently be placed on nothing except the 'Rock of ages.'

“When I began I knew not what I should write; I have written in great haste. You have what is within as characteristic of my train of thought when I take my morning and evening walks. Permit me to subscribe myself, as ever, your affectionate
ISAAC.”

Our brother continues in his diary:—

“May 26.—’Tis sabbath eve. The sun is just leaving his parting smiles playing upon the church spire, and the loftiest peak of mountain. As he cloudlessly and in smiles declines, so does the Christian when he leaves the present to open his sight upon the glories of the future world.

“In reading the Life of Watson, I cannot but remark what a correspondence I discover between his character and that of Dr. Fisk. How I admire their spirit and qualities! They were great and good men. O that I might imitate

them in their piety, and in some degree, at least, in their usefulness!

“June 2.—Convinced am I daily that religion—perfect consecration to God—is the only thing which can give true dignity and value to character. A man may possess intellectual qualifications, and various other valuable traits of character, but without religion in the heart, his weak and evil nature will betray itself, and rob him of true dignity and greatness. Religion! who can describe its ennobling and elevating influence on the human heart and intellect? It fits us for all good and elevated society, refines our feelings, and is within us ‘a well of water springing up into everlasting life.’ O that I may seek to attain, and continually exhibit, the heavenly character of the Christian!

“10th.—Saturday went to Wethersfield with brother P. During the evening at class meeting had an extraordinary season. The Lord was there. It was a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. Yesterday forenoon I spoke in the name of the Lord. The Lord was present to help. I had uncommon freedom. All our hearts were warmed with holy fire. Praised be the name of Jesus! He is better to me than all my doubts—than all my fears.

“30th.—Sabbath. It was a good day to me. Especially was I profited while listening to brother Hodgson, (the new preacher in the city.) Holiness was his subject, and truly ’twas music to my ears, and consoling to my

heart. I do not enjoy so much of the holy flame as I did some months since ; but I love the theme. I long to have all the will of Heaven done in me.

“ This is the week of examination. May Heaven smile, and give me calmness and collectedness of mind in the discharge of duty. I hope to pass satisfactorily. I am conscious of having studied according to the best of my abilities.

“ July 8.—During the last three days of the past week, passed through our annual examination. I was accepted by the committee, and admitted to the junior class. Thus I have closed the studies of two years of my course. Kind and constant have been the smiles of Heaven, for which I would ever be grateful. May the Lord pardon my many sins, and yet spare my life to finish my course, and, though an humble and unworthy instrument, to accomplish some little good in life’s short career.”

CHAPTER VII.

Vacation—Begins another collegiate year—Loss of the evidence of perfect love—Renewed dedication to God—Letter to his father—Good seasons in preaching—Hypocrisy self-exposed—Religious enjoyment—Good news from home—Self-jealousy and self-distrust—Act of faith—Centenary of Methodism—Letter to his parents—To Rev. F. Fisk—To his sister Mary—Happy in the means of grace—Leaves to teach school.

WE again find our brother on a vacation visit among his friends. He is not idle however in the vineyard of the Lord, while resting from the toils of study, but preaches in different places. In Billerica he engages to teach school the following winter.

He returned to Middletown the 6th of August, and commenced another year of college duties with the same spirit of consecration which he had been wont to manifest. On the 8th he writes:—

“Yesterday was commencement. It was interesting. The class acquitted themselves with honour. We have passed the accustomed round of greetings. Let this year by me be more devoted to my Redeemer. O let the sanctifying influence of the grace of God attend me, and crown the progress of my studies! May no time run to waste! Blessed Father, grant me thy aid. Once more I commit myself and all my interests to the guidance of the all-wise Being.”

His diary continues:—

“August 18.—Another week has gone to join the past eternity. What record has it borne? Father of mercies, I lament that it bears an unfavourable account of mercies mis-employed. O, I do not have that devotional spirit in my religious exercises which should characterize me as a follower of Christ.

“I have this day been reading the *Young Men's Closet Library*, by Rev. Mr. Philips. It is an excellent work. He takes what he calls manly views of the leading doctrines and precepts of the Bible. They are manly indeed. He presents them clearly, interestingly, forcibly.

“How I long to be entirely set apart for the service of my God! O for the guidance of that Spirit who leads into all truth! When I would be the Lord's, the enemy seems to hold me with a firmer grasp. When I endeavour to enter into an examination of my heart, my motives and views, I am prevented from arriving at what I would be in Christ by the defeating circumstances of the world. I kneel down to pray, and a thousand thoughts rush in entirely unprofitable and perplexing. I ask heaven to lend me aid, and it bends to my assistance; but after all, I have the remains of the natural heart, which is not subject to the will of God, neither indeed can be. O that I might dwell ever beneath the cross, and gaze upon a crucified Saviour!”

It may be well to pause here, and reflect

a little on the state of our brother's religious experience as presented to view in the previous extract.

It has been evident, I think, all along, that our brother endeavoured to be honest with his own heart. He wished neither to deny what God had done for him, nor to conceal his failings and infirmities from himself. Whenever he erred, or appeared to err, he candidly confessed his fault, humbled himself, and sought forgiveness. And in the above extract, I presume, he honestly declared what were the exercises of his mind, and what he supposed to be the state of his heart. We have seen, too, that he was subject to violent temptation—to mighty conflicts with the enemy; and that in various ways the enemy endeavoured to destroy his confidence in God. In the midst of all these discouragements and difficulties, he endeavoured, it is true, to maintain the spirit of self-consecration. But he had lost the abiding witness of the Spirit that the Lord fully accepted him. At times, he was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable, from a sense of the presence of Christ, in whom he trusted. But his studies had pressed upon him; he had allowed them to engross too much attention, so as to prevent a proper discharge of Christian duties; he was scrupulously conscientious, but he had not fully lived up to his convictions. He may have committed no overt, no heinous act of transgression, but “the least omission pains a well-instructed soul;” and he had, in consequence

of unfaithfulness, failed of exercising that present, perfect faith, which claims Jesus as a complete Saviour now, and which, every moment exercised, alone brings a constant evidence of entire conformity to the divine will. He had maintained the purpose and principle of entire consecration, and was, doubtless, known as a devoted Christian; but he was not permitted to enjoy full satisfaction in view of his character as a Christian, because of unbelief.

These views are, I think, sustained by his own testimony respecting himself already before the reader, and by what will presently be presented. Soon we shall find him again in the tented grove, at the sacred spot which, last year, witnessed his entire consecration to God. There we shall behold him seeking a special blessing in view of his spiritual condition; and shall find that the blessing, which he is moved the most to seek, is a renewed evidence that God fully accepted him. The cry of his heart will be heard to be

“ I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right;
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.”

The blessing of entire sanctification, or perfect love, like that of justification, is retained only by watchfulness and faith. And if the consciousness or evidence of the possession of either be lost, it can only be regained, as at first, by humble confession and simple faith. “ Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed

lest he fall." And let him that is sensible of departure from God, or of the loss of his smile, rest not a moment in indifference, or even in mourning on the account, but go immediately, directly to Christ, for pardon and restoration. Delay not a moment, lest you give Satan an advantage over you, by which you will be kept for a long time in the cruel bondage of unbelief. God is more willing to receive you now, than he will be if you defer coming. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

Our brother proceeds in his diary as follows:—

"Sept. 1, 1839.—I have been to the camp meeting at Bolton. As I was approaching the spot, a sacredness seemed to pervade it which filled me with reverence. It seemed to prepare my mind for the performance of the holy purposes for which I had come. The recollection of the past filled me with gratitude and praise to almighty God. I was conscious that I had not a bright evidence of my acceptance with God. It was my chief purpose, therefore, to regain the assurance that I loved the Lord with all my heart. Notwithstanding I had lost the evidence, I think I can say that I had ever maintained the principle to serve God, and labour for the good of my fellow-men.

"I had been on the ground but a short time, before I found my much-endearred Christian friends, brother and sister Ransom. I conversed with them a short time. With the latter I had

profitable conversation. My heart was encouraged; my purposes strengthened. I engaged in meetings as opportunity presented. The first evening I was blessed in a good degree. The fountain of my soul began to be broken up. This was Wednesday. But not until Friday evening did I feel, more particularly, and receive the evidence, that I was perfectly the Lord's. My peace was like a river. I, however, did not feel that strong confidence which I wished, and which I was still striving to gain. But I rested safely on the atonement: Jesus was a complete Saviour. During that night a violent storm was beating without, while we had heaven and calm within. There were in the tent about sixty persons. We all seemed to become blended into one heavenly spirit. Brother M. I can never forget so long as the love of God possesses my soul. He preached from the words, 'The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree.' When we parted the next morning we greeted each other with a holy kiss. The Lord bless him.

"In telling my experience I was blessed, while it served as a blessing to others. Sister R. tells me I must not cease to speak of what the Lord has done for me, for in this way I may be blest, and may be the means of blessing others. By the grace of God I have resolved never to be ashamed of Christ, but on all proper occasions to testify of his goodness. On Saturday morning, before we left the ground, we offered several parting prayers. It was a

melting season, while thinking that we must separate—must break such delightful bonds. Yet this pleasing consideration occurred, that, if faithful to the trust committed to our care, we should ultimately hail each other happy in 'that eternal world of joy.' O glorious prospect!

"While on my way home, in company with brothers Rust and Sears, I was happy. Our hearts burned within us. Arrived home thankful for the privilege which we had enjoyed. Last evening I attended a social meeting, but did not feel lively in its exercises, in consequence of weariness of body. The Lord was there, praised be his name. Retired to rest with a good degree of peace; but, on awaking, I found the enemy was about commencing a contest with me. I fell upon my knees, and besieged the throne, and Jesus made me conqueror. This day has, therefore, been one of great joy and peace. Especially was I blest while attending love-feast this morning in the city. The Lord was there in melting, heavenly power. To him be all the glory of our salvation.

"How delightful to meditate on the goodness of God! I feel that the doors of my heart are thrown wide open for the reception of the Trinity. I feel as though floating on a sea of love. There is a rest to the people of God, a rest found by a perfect, constant reliance on the atonement. And now that I am blessed similarly as last year, it is my purpose, through the grace of the Most High, to hold on

whereto I have attained, and to grow up into Christ my living head.

“O, how can I be useful, unless I hold myself perfectly and continually at the disposal of my Master! I have long been sensible that, without holiness, it is almost useless to attempt or expect to preach the gospel with effect. Well, the best that I can do is to keep passive in the hands of the Lord. Blessed One, keep me by thy grace unto the day when thou shalt say, ‘Child, come home.’

“This day brings me to the close of the twenty-fourth year of my life. Whither have rolled those years? They have mingled with the past eternity. But O, how little have I effected for the glory of God! O that in youth I had been wiser! Grateful would I be that about seven years since I made my peace with God. But how have I adorned my profession? Far short, in many instances, have I come of the glory of God. Last year, on the sixth of the present month, did I dedicate myself entirely to God. And now again I bind myself upon the altar, purposing, more faithfully, by the grace of God, to live with reference to the great design of my being.

‘Here, Lord, I give myself away,
’Tis all that I can do.’

“I am happy, I am peaceful; I am bound for the skies. While I study I would pray. I want every thought and affection sanctified. The Lord will bless me in my studies, for he knows that I pursue them for his glory—for the

good of a dying world. On the bosom of my Saviour I repose my all. How heavenly to look and live! But I must cease. I could write continually of the love of God, for it flows into my soul as an increasingly-swelling stream.

“5th.—God is love. When I awoke Jesus was with me. He gives me the assurance, through the Spirit, that I am his. How safe when I rest on the broad atonement! Last evening the Lord was present in a special manner in our class meeting. Yes, his love burned increasingly while engaged in that interview. I was blessed beyond my power to tell while giving in my testimony. My brethren with me were greatly moved with heavenly emotions. I told them that I loved God with all my heart—my brethren—enemies, if enemies I had—and the world. How true that great peace have they who love the law of God! I know that my Redeemer lives. How infinite the atonement! O that all the world would come, and test the willingness of the Saviour to save to the uttermost!”

The following letter to his father, descriptive of his spiritual views and exercises, will be read with interest by all who love the Lord:—

“ Wesleyan University, Sept. 5, 1839.

“DEAR FATHER,—Need I tell you that I love you? Did you know the warm feelings which the love of Jesus inspires in my bosom at this very moment, you would say there is no want of close attachment. Yes, I *love* my parents,

I love my dear kindred, I love the church, I love a perishing world ; but more than *all*, I love my Jesus with all my heart. ‘I know that my Redeemer lives,’ and pleads for *me*. What happiness, beyond human power to describe, is known at the foot of the cross ! There hangs the Saviour, bleeding for a dying world, bowing his innocent head, indicative of his submission to suffer, that the guilty might be freed from eternal wo, and exalted to an eternal heaven. O what love ! Infinite, infinite !

“ While we gaze, his perfections and glories unfold, and we become changed into the same image, and are transfused with burning, inexpressible love. We lose sight of earth, and long to clap our glad wings, and fly away to that purer sky. How would my soul leap with inward joy should the glad summons come, ‘Child, your Father calls, come home !’ I love to commune with the skies. I see bright visions of angels there ; I see the saints of all ages there ; I see the bright hosts as they are marshalled around the eternal throne ; I see the mansions not made with hands, which our Saviour ascended on high to prepare ; I see the uncrumbling thrones on which shall sit the redeemed of God ; I see the Lamb, the light of the new city, upon whom the mighty hosts in swelling rapture gaze ; I gaze till I long to be there.

‘I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o’er the way.’

“ But I do not repine because I am on these

mortal shores ; no, Jesus does all things well. When I have accomplished all his will, then will he summon me away to endless rest. I rest on the complete atonement ; yes, I rest completely on the complete atonement.

‘ O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break.’

I know not whether to continue writing or to cease. If we might write with an angel’s pen, we could never describe the love of God in the soul. It is a glowing infinity in a finite bosom. O what condescension, that the infinite Trinity should take up their abode in a finite heart ! This seems impossible to natural reason, but the Scriptures say that the Father, the Son, and the Spirit will come, and make their abode in the devoted heart.

“ But, dear father, you have known these pure joys. Do you feel them now ? Do you read your ‘ title clear to mansions in the skies ?’ Perhaps your views may not be so bright, yet you can say, ‘ My Redeemer lives.’ Well, let us live for God and heaven ; and then in that bright eternity we will meet, away from all earth’s sordid scenes, and praise God in one eternal day. And mother, too, and—O, the bosom heaves with unutterable emotions, my eye drops the tender tear, as I was about to say, my brothers and sisters too. But will it be so ? Dear father, dear mother, shall we together meet before that throne, and find no dear Robert there, no beloved Harriet who might be loved of Jesus, no Lorenzo, no Charles ? Mary

is striving to hail us happy. O, faithful be ! How bitter the reflection that some of us once knew the Saviour—once felt his love—once engaged in the service of God, but, through folly in yielding to a vain and foolish world, have lost all hope in Christ ! The truth of God never fails, his word cannot pass away. If we ever felt that Jesus has ‘power on earth to forgive sins,’ although we now wish to banish the idea, it nevertheless remaineth true, ‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned.’

“Need I tell you that at Bolton camp meeting, during the last week, the Lord renewed the evidence of my entire acceptance ? that he blessed me in an indescribable manner ? When I reached that sacred grove, a spell of holy thought bound me in reverence and awe, for I felt that the wing of the Almighty was over the place. The evening of the 30th of August, 1839, and the 6th of September, 1838, will remain for ever on memory’s page. Here I met many of our dear friends in Christ, many of your former acquaintances, all of whom desired to be affectionately remembered to you. But, you see, I must close. I have only to say, I have given myself entirely to God—he has accepted the poor unworthy offering. I hope never to take it back. While I study, I feel that I do it unto the Lord ; and whatever I do I feel that I am his. Your son, ISAAC.”

In pursuing our brother’s narrative we shall

find that his interest in the cause of Christ continued unabated, though subject at times, as all Christians are, to severe temptations and trials of mind. The blessing which he had experienced was a source of great strength and comfort to him. By it he learned more fully the way to the throne, and learned more successfully to plead the merits of Christ in his behalf. By it, too, he was taught to offer Christ with more fulness and confidence as the Saviour of all who seek him, and found that Christ's presence was specially manifest in his attempts to proclaim the gospel. To know Christ personally, as a perfect Saviour for all the purposes for which we really need a Saviour, is essentially necessary to the success of the Christian, especially of the Christian minister, in dealing with the souls of men.

The diary proceeds as follows :—

“ Sept. 9.—I am peacefully happy in the love of God. Since I wrote the above I have had strong confidence in the promises of the Most High. The enemy has beat up a few storms against me, but has gained nothing. There has always succeeded an exceedingly great calm. Thrown, as I feel myself, completely upon the atonement, nothing seems to move me. Resting there, I feel perfectly safe. Jesus smiles ; how pleasant ! He is all and in all to me. Firmly on the ‘Rock of ages’ let me stand. Let billows dash high and mightily, they must spend their rage in vain, and die away amid their own foam.

“Yesterday I was at Mechanicsville. When I awoke in the morning, the enemy commenced an attack. Falling upon my knees, after a mighty struggle, I conquered in my Master’s strength. In the afternoon I addressed the people in the name of my great Commissioner. It was solemn as eternity. God was there. The Spirit held the audience in the profoundest silence, while I endeavoured to unfold the awful truth. I think I never felt so perfectly in the hands of the Lord. I felt to be perfectly nothing. I dropped out of self into God. The invisible appeared in view. The curtain seemed to be lifted, while with silent awe we gazed upon eternal things. Those who were at first trifling and smiling, became solemn as death, while the Spirit pervaded their thoughts and feelings. I feel that my skirts are clear of the blood of their souls. I have committed the whole into the hands of the All-wise. How I love to dwell at my Saviour’s feet, to give him all the glory! I am a worm, and in the dust I would crawl.

“11th.—This evening have attended class; found it not in vain; the Lord was there to bless. One individual confessed that he had acted the hypocrite sufficiently long, that he could maintain such a course no longer. He deeply felt that he knew not the sense of pardoned sin. He solicited the prayers of Christians. After prayers the meeting was closed. I remained to converse and pray with him. We remained some time, but he found no par-

ticular relief. As we opened the door to leave the room, another individual came in, and said he wished to speak with me. I listened to him, while, bursting into tears, he said, that for three years he had put on the profession of religion, but that it was all false—that he had done it for the sake of the good will of others. He said that, sometimes, when he had gone forward to partake of the sacrament, he had felt that he was drinking *damnation* to his soul. In a word, he felt that he was an awful sinner, and that he must then find mercy, or be for ever miserable. I conversed a short time with him, endeavouring to show him the way to the Saviour of sinners. We fell upon our knees; for about fifteen minutes we struggled with God in prayer, when peace flowed into his soul, his condemnation was gone, and he felt the Father reconciled. We stayed upon our knees a few moments, thanking our blessed Saviour for the work he had wrought. I gave him as good instruction as I was capable of, and we retired to our rooms praising the Lord. Is there joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth? O well, to God be all the glory for ever!

“15th.—Have just returned from East Hampton. I addressed the people twice in the name of Jesus. In the morning had considerable liberty; but in the afternoon the Lord was with me in a special manner. The Spirit of God was there. I love to be lost to myself while the Saviour appears in view. Ever let me

feel thus, heavenly Father, when I stand up to address my dying fellow-men. What good may have been effected by this day's service is all of the Lord; therefore to his name be all the glory! Give me more and more to feel my weakness and dependance on the arm of the Most High. Subdue me entirely by thy grace, blessed Jesus. Let me be lost to all but thee.

“ I feel peaceful, but not a glowing fire. I think I can look up to heaven and say, My motives are pure. ‘Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.’ It is by momentary faith in Jesus that I am enabled to live. O for strong faith which naught can move!

“22d.—During the week I have had peace, and the hourly evidence of my acceptance. Found it easy to believe. Have found it exceedingly profitable, at the close of each day, to review my actions, devotions, and thoughts. This is the only way in which I can grow in grace. Yes, I have felt to rest on the atonement. What a complete atonement! Last night peaceful and pleasant was my slumber. When I awoke this morning my Jesus was near. During this holy day he has filled me with his abundant love.

“ I have been profited while engaging in religious duties. This morning met with several of my brethren and sisters in the city. The meeting was intended for those who wished to grow in grace—who earnestly desired, and would mightily strive for all the fulness which

there is in Christ. A goodly number were present. The Lord was present in mercy and power. Some could testify that they loved the Lord with all the heart. O Lord, enable those who expressed earnest desires for perfect love to cherish those desires, and grant soon to answer their request!

“I have been much benefited by a discourse from brother Saxe,—text, ‘Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.’ Have written a line to brother B. H. Brewer, who, with others, is about to leave for the Oregon mission. I have also read some of the Life of Mr. Fletcher. What a holy man! O for humility! let me lie low at the feet of Jesus.

“29th.—Through divine goodness I have been preserved another week. Though my mental labours have been great, yet I have shared greatly in the sustaining grace of God. During the latter part of the week I have been attacked by the enemy. Fain would he have overcome me, but Jesus is stronger than the strong man armed. The Lord knows that I would

‘——— to his glory live,
And in his cause expire.’

If I have committed wrong, I have, as St. John says, ‘an Advocate with the Father.’ I come pleading the merits of the Redeemer. O the Lamb, the innocent Lamb, he died for me! For *me*? Yes, *for me*. I delight to dwell at the feet of Jesus—at the foot of the cross. Let me listen to the instruction of the Spirit;

may it lead me into all truth. Lord, still sustain me while I pursue my studies, which I am endeavouring to do with an eye single to thy glory. Sanctify all my attainments.

“Oct. 3.—I have just received a letter from my dear friends—my parents and sister Mary. I learn that a kind Providence still presides over them. At the camp meeting at Eastham, Mass., two of my brothers and two of my sisters were present. My eldest sister was sanctified. She writes me as she could not write unless she enjoyed what she professes. O Lord, how propitious thou art! Preserve her in second life. May she continue to dwell in God. My younger sister was made the subject of pardoning grace. Keep her also beneath thy wing. Thankful am I that serious impressions were made in the minds of my R. and L. Forbid, Lord, that the means of grace which they have enjoyed should prove the savour of death unto death. Let the Holy Spirit follow them.

“7th.—Have had some severe conflicts with the enemy. I have more foes within than without. The greatest enemy with which I have to contend is my appetite. So good is my health, and so healthful my manner of living, (a vegetable diet,) that my appetite is always keen. I seem to have no difficulty except in this respect. I pray that this my strong foe may be completely overcome, so that I may say, Whether I eat or drink, or whatsoever I do, I do all to the glory of God.

“Yesterday I found it good to attend upon

the means of grace. Listened to an excellent discourse from Professor Holdich, on, 'Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup,' 1 Cor. xi, 28. Yes, I found my Saviour in the breaking of bread, and the drinking of wine—the symbols of his broken body and shed blood. O, what a Saviour! He died for *me*! In his side I find shelter. Ever may I there find a hiding place, secure from the storms of wrath. Peacefully and securely do I rest on the atonement. Why need I fear? Heaven's guardian care is always over me. Well, I'll say,

'Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Provider still is near.'

"13th.—Sometimes, when I bow down before the Lord, temptation comes in like a flood, threatening to bear me away from the rock, Christ Jesus, on which I stand. But I find one who is mightier than the gates of hell. I have not made that progress in my Christian course which I ought to have done. When shall I be completely thine, O Jesus! I throw open the door of my heart; I welcome thee in. Are not my motives pure? Have I any other intention than to devote myself and all my attainments to the good of mankind—to the service of God? Neither the honours of men nor the applause of a fickle world do I desire. What I say, I think I feel. If I do not, if I am deceiving myself, I pray the Most High to undeceive me.

"For a long time I have been unable to turn

my attention to any other employment than that of the holy ministry, with the least thought that I should be happy, or be in the path of duty. Notwithstanding this, the thought comes into my mind, 'You will never effect much in attempting to preach the glorious gospel.' Aside from the assistance of God I expect to effect nothing. The Lord takes the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. Well, here I am, weak, ignorant, unworthy; but, Lord, take me, I am at thy disposal.

"This has been, for the most part, a good day to my soul. I am reading respecting the rise and progress of Methodism. The Lord has wrought wondrous things within a hundred years through the instrumentality of the Methodists. O let us possess and maintain the spirit of our fathers! O that we may be humble, simple, and holy! HOLINESS should ever float inscribed upon our banner.

"17th.—This day have great peace and confidence through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I have clearness of faith in the atonement. How complete is the atonement! How full and free! I love to dwell at the foot of the cross. Here is my only safety. O for humility and simplicity! O for an enlargement of soul, for all the fulness of the gospel! There is an ocean of *love* right before me. Jesus invited me to plunge therein. I will, *I will*; I do, *I do*. Glory to the Lamb; praise him, O praise him, for *he is love*! Jesus is mine and I am his.

"18th.—During the day have had sweet rest

in Jesus—the rest of confiding faith. ‘Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ I rest my *all* on the atonement. How I love my Jesus! yes, because he first loved me. I love all mankind. Lord, seal me with the broad seal of perfect love. Prepare me for the duties of the morrow and the day following. I go to Newington with two other brethren, to hold a centenary meeting.

“20th.—Sabbath evening. Have just returned from Newington. In consequence of the inclemency of the weather but few attended the Saturday evening meeting. During this day I have not had my usual freedom while endeavouring to present the offers of life. The Lord, however, did not leave us alone. He seemed more to bless the people in hearing than me in speaking. If any good was effected, to God be all the glory. ‘The humblest and most unworthy of all the servants of the Most High, I would sink into nothing at the feet of Jesus. It is not a vain thing to serve my blessed Master. He superintends all things for my good. He knows when it is best to give me freedom. I am still endeavouring, by confiding faith, to hang on the atonement. Father, I look up to thee, and behold thy smiling countenance. While I commit myself to thy care for another week, may I realize that thy wing of mercy covers me. Lead me to higher attainments, to all the fulness of Christ.

“25th.—‘This day has been religiously observed in commemoration of the rise of Method-

ism. One hundred years have rolled away since this revival of the apostolic spirit commenced. During the day, an anthem of praise, beginning among our antipodes, has been rolling and swelling on. We have contributed to the mighty song, while even far beyond the Rocky Mountains, and among the islands of the Pacific, the grand chorus swells up to heaven. And is it not acceptable? It has arisen from a recollection of the goodness of God. And I trust that petitions have been presented before the throne of God, that the true spirit of our fathers in the gospel may descend upon the church. Let pure and undefiled religion prevail. *Holiness* must still be inscribed on our banners. Let the ministers be holy, let the members be holy, and then will the church be led on to complete victory."

In the same spirit of humility, earnestness, and faith he wrote under the last-named date the following letter to his parents:—

" *Wesleyan University, Oct. 25, 1839.*

"DEAR PARENTS,—I have just arisen from my knees, upon which I have been pleading for victory over my inward foes. The enemy comes with his invisible, subtle host, threatening to tear me away from the feet of my Jesus.

'Sure we *must* fight if we would reign.'

With what cruel foes do we have to contend! I *can* appeal to Heaven in attestation of the purity of my purposes and motives. I *do*

throw myself, my *all*, at the feet of Jesus ; I plead his all-atoning blood. He *is* my refuge, the Rock which was cleft to take *me* in. Thank God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. How he delights to shelter us beneath his wings ! My dear parents, since I last wrote you, I have had some inexpressibly happy seasons, notwithstanding the enemy of my soul would shake my faith, and destroy my hopes. It is all of grace that I possess any love for God and a dying world. Grace, *grace*, it is my constant plea for a perfect subjugation of my natural heart. What do all our anxiety, and mourning, and tears avail in our salvation ? Nothing, nothing. It is by grace, free grace, through faith, that we are saved. It is the atonement on which we must rely. I can only cry out from the depth of my soul, O God, save me through the merits of Christ !

“ When I look upon the world and contemplate its wants ; when I consider the great responsibilities incumbent on the minister of God ; while I feel my own imperfections and incompetency for the sacred office, I almost despair at the thought of entering upon the solemn work. What shall I do ? I cannot be happy in turning my attention to any other pursuit, and yet to think of undertaking the great work of a public minister of the Most High causes me to fear and tremble. I feel the most unworthy of all the children of our heavenly Father. How often have I grieved the Holy

Spirit ! Is it not wonderful in the extreme that, after having tasted so freely and fully of the grace of God, one should ever, in the least degree, slight the kind Redeemer ? But if we sin, ‘ we have an Advocate with the Father.’ All that I can do, in such a case, is humbly to confess my wrong, and plead the blood of the Saviour. Always do I wish to dwell at the feet of Jesus. Into the hands of God I commit my all. Let Heaven use me as seemeth good. It is a consoling passage that ‘ God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.’ He has said, ‘ Lo, I am with you.’ Let the excellency be of God, and not of man.

“ A glorious revival is in progress at Wilbraham. I design to pass through there, and spend the sabbath, when I go home. I may probably write a few lines to Mary before I see you. Mary, hold on your way rejoicing ; this is a blessed treasure. Do you still hold it fast by watchfulness and constant reliance on the atonement ? Rest, rest in Christ. Let us all be faithful to our trust. Love to Robert—to all. Pray for your son, ISAAC.”

To his cousin, Rev. F. Fisk, then preaching in Watertown, Mass., he wrote the following lines, evincing the strong interest which he felt for the revival and spread of the work of holiness, and, as usual, his own sense of insufficiency in view of the office of the Christian ministry :—

“ Wesleyan University, Oct. 26, 1839.

“DEAR COUSIN,—I am happy to learn, through Zion’s Herald, that, with you, it is a season of prosperity. I conclude, from accounts given, that your [camp] meeting on the Cape was one of great interest and power. The flame of holiness kindled in the hearts of many on that occasion, has been carried into different parts, whose hallowed influence is pervading the churches. To all this I say, Amen. Yes, ‘Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Brother, can you preach without holiness of heart? Do not your words seem powerless, unless they are clothed with holy authority? What better demonstration can we give of the truth which we preach, than so to present ourselves before our dying fellow-men, as evidently to appear a complete living sacrifice on the altar of human good?

* * * * *

“Dear Franklin, there is no living to purpose without a complete dedication of ourselves to the God of grace and abundant mercy. Holiness must prevail in our church, else we go down. I long to plunge into the boundless ocean. Thank Heaven for what I at this time feel. But with Mr. Fletcher I must say, that the negative of religion is not sufficient, we must have the fulness. I have many peaceful, happy hours; then, again, I have severe conflicts with the enemy. How subtle our foes! There is no security save in that side which

was cleft to take us in. Will you, in your prayers, remember your unworthy cousin? When I think of the responsibilities incumbent on the minister of Christ, I tremble at the thought of entering the holy work. But I would lie passively in the hands of Jesus. Let me ever be enabled to say, 'Speak, for thy servant heareth.' Yours in Christ,

"I. JENNISON, JR."

The pious strain of sentiment which prevails in the following letter to his sister, as indeed in all his letters, is worthy the imitation of every Christian correspondent. We have been pleased to witness the freedom and favour with which he addressed his parents on the subject of religion. With him there was no reserve of his feelings. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And to one who had intercourse with our departed brother, it would be very evident what was the absorbing subject of his contemplations. Thus should it ever be with Christians. Let them ever rejoice to exhibit their religion in all the relations of life, in all their intercourse with mankind.

" Wesleyan University, Nov. 5, 1839.

"DEAR SISTER MARY,—Be assured that it was with no small degree of Christian joy that I read your lines in the letter I received. God is the same, and in every place; and whenever he takes up his special abode in the heart, he exterminates every enemy, sits enthroned upon

the passions and affections, and sways his peaceful sceptre, bringing every thing into subjection to his holy will. Then we possess supreme love to God, and expansive benevolence for all mankind. It is this love which unites kindred hearts in closer and holier union. This saves us from the fear of dangers, from shrinking when we feel the icy fingers of death upon our heart-strings. Yes, dear sister, it was the indwelling love of Jesus which enabled you to feel, when you launched upon the perilous deep, that, if you found a watery grave, all would be well. O how sweet to dwell at the feet of Jesus, like Mary of former days ! how inexpressibly heavenly to look up and catch his smiles ! Do you continue to dwell there with delight ?

“It was through faith, by grace, that we were received into such communion with our blessed Jesus. And it is by this means alone that we can continue to enjoy this inestimable privilege. If I speak of my own enjoyment, through the infinite mercy and grace of God I am able to say, that I still cling to the great atonement. This is the only basis on which I can rest my hopes ; I can find a resting place for my soul nowhere else. O there is rest to wearied souls ! Yes, a rest even while on earth ! But if here it be so sweet, what may be expected in heaven ? I trust you are still resting in Jesus.

“If we lose ground, it is at first almost imperceptibly ; and whenever the enemy is suffered to have the least hold, be assured that it is

only by immediate and persevering effort he is made to relinquish his grasp. When the enemy, with his invisible host, attacks me, the best thing which I can do, and the only means by which I can be successful, is to fall upon my knees and cry, Grace, grace. It is grace which can conquer my foes ; looking right to the cross, to the blood of Christ. Doubtless you have had many and severe conflicts with the foes of your peace ; but let us apply to ourselves the promises. He has said that his grace shall be sufficient for us. ‘ If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father.’ Mr. Fletcher used to say, ‘ If we commit a wrong for which we feel condemned, we should not think that by our many bad feelings and tears we shall become better, or remove the condemnation, but we should immediately look right to the blood of Christ, and carry with us the assurance that if we sin, we have Jesus for our advocate, our now present advocate. O how often have I found immediate and perfect peace while thus I have come to the cross ! I have neither room nor time to write more at present. Hold on by faith. Your affectionate brother, ISAAC.”

We close this chapter with a few more extracts from his diary. He writes :—

“ Nov. 10.—Have this day been to Marlborough, twelve miles distant, to offer the word of life to my dying fellow-men. When I arrived there, I found a congregation of several hundreds. They were attentive, and I hope and trust the

labours of this day will not have been in vain. The Lord was present to bless in the morning, more especially to operate on the hearts of the impenitent. Thanks be given to Him who deigns to bless such a frail and worthless creature as man.

“After the public exercises were closed, we had a peculiarly interesting class meeting. The brethren and sisters seemed to be strong in the Lord. One, who had made no profession of religion, an influential, promising young man, remained in class. When called upon, he rose and confessed that he was a sinner, and requested an interest in the prayers of Christians.

18th.—Last evening, though late, returned from Middlefield, where I had been labouring with the people. In the afternoon I felt lost in the work; I felt as if lying in the hands of my Master; self was annihilated; Jesus appeared before the people, pleading his own cause. It was a solemn time; sinners felt and wept; convictions were deep and powerful. We all felt that life is short, that what we had to do we must do quickly. This is my most sincere prayer, that God may own his word, and bless it to the salvation of some immortal souls. O may eternity, if time does not, disclose that some soul was saved through the grace and means used yesterday! Now I am nothing but dust and ashes; God is all and in all, and therefore to him be all the glory.

“22d.—This day I leave to visit my friends, and to commence my school in Billerica. I

would now fall upon my knees, and present a thank offering to my God for his goodness toward me during the term which has now nearly expired. In this room what peaceful hours have I enjoyed! The Lord has here met and blessed me with a sense of his holy love. To him be all the glory. Thank Heaven for the love which I now feel."

CHAPTER VIII.

Personal effort—Teaches school in Billerica—Efforts to do good—School closes—At college—Good seasons—Letter to his parents—Excellent meetings—Sickness of J. Harbison, a fellow-student—News of revivals—Letter to his father—Necessity of holiness—Letter to Mr. J. Williams, Jr.—Death of Harbison—Longing for heaven—Letter to Rev. F. Fisk—Spiritual trials.

THE subject of personal effort which, as we shall find, exercised the thoughts and feelings of our brother while teaching school in Billerica, is one of the greatest importance to the usefulness of Christians, and has, of late, acquired a deserved prominence in the religious exhortations of the pulpit and the press. No doubt can be entertained that it is the duty of Christians to do all they can for the promotion of religion, for the salvation of souls. And while, of course, they should use a suitable degree of caution or prudence in their efforts, they should feel that there is more danger of erring on the side of indifference than on that

of zeal. The church is paralyzed by the habits of sloth and inactivity which so alarmingly prevail. It should be aroused and stimulated with a zeal which is according to knowledge. The knowledge according to which Christian zeal should be regulated, is the knowledge of the real moral and spiritual state of man, of his duty and destiny as revealed in the Scriptures, and of the nature, extent, and attainableness of the remedy provided for him; and wisdom from on high, promised and given in answer to prayer, by which efforts for his good may be conducted in the best spirit and manner to bring about the desired result. This knowledge is within the reach of every Christian; the most obscure and the most consciously unworthy may be made wise, in this respect, to win souls to Christ. God wishes his people to become missionaries to their neighbours and friends.

The amount of the duty of personal effort to which we now allude is this: besides public exhortation and prayer, live and talk religion at home in your own family; let your intercourse with the world be such as to establish your reputation as a devoted Christian; at the same time converse individually with your neighbours on the subject of religion; be not in company with them or any one five minutes without introducing that subject; pray for them in private, and, if you can have the opportunity, pray with them; visit them at their houses, as you have opportunity, for religious conversation

and prayer ; give or lend them religious tracts and books ; invite them to the house of prayer, and show them that you are really in earnest to see them converted to God.

Should the church awake to this work, how would the ministers of the gospel be encouraged in their efforts to turn men from darkness to light ; how would the latent energies of the mind be developed in many an individual ; and how many would, doubtless, be found ready to carry the glad tidings of salvation to regions where Christ has never yet been named ! Much grace is needed to sustain one in this self-denying, cross-bearing course. Nothing but perfect love will fully qualify an individual for this work. No one is exempt, however, from either duty. Holiness is required of each and all, and, till the millennium, every Christian should continue to say unto his neighbour, " Know ye the Lord." These two principles, Christian holiness and personal effort, applied to the world around us, would shake the kingdom of darkness from centre to circumference. They constitute the primitive, the apostolic rule of action. Should they become the impulse of the church again, pentecostal seasons would return, the Spirit would be poured upon us from on high, and the world would soon be converted to God.

He writes in his diary :—

" Dec. 7.—Arrived at father's the 27th ult. ; found all my friends well, and glad to see me. To Heaven be rendered praise and thanksgiving

for home and friends. The following day was the day of public thanksgiving. I was called upon to speak to the people. The Lord was pleased to aid me in the attempt. Had a pleasant visit with many of my relatives, who, during the afternoon, assembled at my father's. Started with my father early in the morning for Billerica. Found a happy reception from my friend and brother in the Lord, S. Fisk. Monday, 2d inst., commenced my school. It is small as to the size and number of the scholars. O may I be rendered a blessing to my school, and to the people in this place, during the present winter!

"15th.—A tedious, stormy day. Did not go to church in consequence. Wrote a religious letter to Mr. W. S., of Rochester, where I formerly taught school. Death has removed some of my pupils since I left them in R. Thus, while some are spared, others are summoned away in the morning of life. Let my days be devoted to God—my Creator—Redeemer—my *all*. To him I owe my all. Yes, his I am, I feel that I am his. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.'

"During the week past I have been engaged in my school. The time has passed more pleasantly than the week preceding. It is grace which enables me to pass along successfully. It removes all peevishness and impatience. It gives strength, and proper manliness and dignity. It throws an air of re-

spect and excellence around the whole person. Language fails to describe its effect upon the heart and the character. Love breathes through the soul, and the soul, in consequence, swells with holy emotions toward God and all mankind. I commit myself to the Lord for his guidance and protection another week. Lord, bless me in my school.

“23d.—The week past had some trials and some rejoicings. What reason have I to praise my God for his goodness. He tries my faith and Christian graces, because he knows it will be for my good. I should never murmur nor repine, for every son whom he receiveth he chasteneth. Blessed Jesus, I continue to look unto thee for wisdom and grace. Thou hast promised never to leave nor forsake me. This morning I feel humbled under thy divine hand. And now, after an examination of my heart, and a realization of my obligations to thee, I would bind myself anew upon the altar, a holy, living, devoted sacrifice, which is my reasonable service.

“30th.—I have had some trials in my school. Lord, help me to trust in thee. I am sensible that I do not grow in grace as fast as I might, in consequence of not making greater personal effort. O divest me of a man-pleasing and man-fearing spirit! I do have some most trying scenes to pass through.

“Yesterday attended church in the village. In the evening we held our union meeting in the hall. Brother Haven gave us a good dis-

course on, 'Meditate on these things.' I followed with a few remarks—had but little liberty. I felt as though I could never preach the gospel. And I do feel as though I am a bruised reed. I am less than nothing and vanity. What shall I do? Heaven, teach me my duty. If I am to abandon all ideas of preaching the word, do make it known to me, for I would know my duty and do it. I feel like Moses, I am not ready in language. O my God, help me out of this difficulty. Perhaps it is pride that suggests these thoughts. If so, deliver me from it. Slay my every foe. Reign in me without a rival. Give me boldness always to testify of the holy truth.

"This year is about leaving me, and where am I? True, I am in the land of the living, while others are slumbering in the grave. But what is the state of my soul? I am nearer eternity! But am I nearer heaven? Thanks be to the Most High for his boundless goodness and mercy to me. He has blessed me in a wonderful manner during the past year, for which praises through eternity are due to him.

"January 5, 1840.—Since I last wrote I have attended watch meeting at Lowell. There with hundreds I witnessed the solemnly closing year. I would weep, if I could, that I could no more deeply feel. Nothing seemed deeply to affect me. I could neither closely nor connectedly reflect upon the past, nor feelingly contemplate the future. Have passed through the exercises of my school this week

with considerable success. For this I would be thankful.

“13th.—Have enjoyed another Christian sabbath. Did not attend church in the morning. Endeavoured to prepare to address the people in the evening, but felt not the holy power. I cannot preach without the power of the Spirit. I know what is the difficulty. I have not made personal effort; have not made the subject of religion my daily theme; have not conversed with Mr. B., with whom I felt it my duty to converse. Jonah-like, I have endeavoured to shun my duty. Lord, save me from betraying my trust. Here I have lost ground. Give me no rest till I do my duty. I must mortify self. O for wisdom and grace to perform every duty!

“19th.—Have just come home from meeting. This morning spoke to the people in the Congregationalist (Calvinist) church in this place. Was blessed in preparation, and in addressing the people. Text, ‘I would not live away,’ Job vii, 16.

“Well, the Lord has not wholly forsaken me. My trust is still in him; religion is my chief comfort. If I should speak in reference to earthly comforts, I should be bound to say that they are great. I am in a kind family. I have every convenience that I could wish. To Heaven would I be grateful.

“But *I* would not live always away from yon heaven. No: there dwell the patriarchs, apostles, martyrs, and saints of all ages. There,

especially, is 'the chiefest among ten thousand,' the one 'altogether lovely.' There are endless joys, there is my portion fair,

'My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.'

Now I take no glory to myself; all the glory belongs to God. I would ever feel like a little child.

"26th.—A kind Providence has attended me. In some things I come short of my duty. I must make greater personal effort. How much good may be effected in this way! Forbid that I should, like Saul, be forsaken of the Most High for fear of the people. O that I might keep continually before me the judgment scene, when, with an assembled world, I must render up my account! Then how shall I regret that I was no more faithful in warning my fellow-men, in entreating them to prepare to meet their God in peace!

"Feb. 3.—This morning feel unhappy. The cause of this feeling is a combination of inexplicable circumstances. I have either said something or done something, or both, which has put me out of tune. O God, save me from sinning against *thee*! Without holy communion with thee, I am out of my proper element.

"Three days more and I close my school. I suppose the scholars and people will be glad to get rid of me.

"6th.—Yesterday closed my school. I could not cut all the cords. Although I am not confined to the school-house, I cannot deny but

some tender ties twine around my heart. I look back upon the few short weeks which I have spent there with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain ; with pleasure, that, for the most part, the school has passed along so pleasantly—with pain, that there were a few who did not feel disposed to employ their time and advantages more faithfully. I have this pleasing consciousness, that I have laboured for their pleasure and profit. Wherein I have fallen short of my duty, may God forgive me. With the kindest feelings I met my pupils ; with the kindest feelings and best wishes I bid them adieu. With many of their parents and guardians I have formed a short but pleasing acquaintance. May the Lord bless them all ! How much I am indebted to this dear family ! They have received and entertained me with all kindness and freedom gratuitously. Heaven reward them for their benevolence and Christian love ! It is a merciful Providence which has guided me thus far. I owe to God my all. To-morrow morning I leave to visit my friends in Boston, thence to my father's, and very soon I shall bid home adieu for Middletown. May the months which, through Providence, I may yet spend in M., be as the past for enjoyment, and much more glorious.

“ If I know anything with regard to myself, I *do* desire to live a holy and useful life. It is the prayer of my heart that all my literary advantages and attainments may be sanctified to my good and to the cause of God. To this

end I pray for the assistance of the Holy Spirit in the examination and keeping of my heart. As a child would I be led along the winding paths of life, by the providential hand of the Most High."

We shall find, that on his return to college, by a renewed consecration of himself to God, and a fresh application of atoning merit by faith to his heart, our brother was enabled to rejoice fully in the sense of divine acceptance. In order to constant religious enjoyment, there must be constant reliance on the blood of Christ for pardon and sanctification, and constant realization of divine strength in the discharge of Christian duty. We falter because we go forth to war with sin and Satan in our own strength. We are defeated where we might triumph, because we are unwilling to rely wholly on the Lord, and seem to think we can do something of ourselves. The perfection and the secret of Christian success is to feel that we are nothing, but that Christ is "all and in all," that when we are weak then we are strong,—

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son."

"Feb. 13.—Have safely arrived in No. 24, north section. Thanks to that kind Providence which guides me. My friends were glad to see me, though short was my stay. Lord, bless my parents! I feel more and more the importance of complete and continued consecration to God. Have fallen upon my knees and conse-

crated myself, time, talents, and studies, yea, *all* to the Most High. I am happy to learn that the church is in a good spiritual state. Some of the students have found the Lord. Lord, speed the glorious work! I lie upon the altar a sacrifice to God. Prosper me in my studies during the present term.

“16th.—Sabbath—holy, happy day to me. Have read Fletcher’s Address to Perfect Christians—how good, how complete! Lord, help me to profit by the instruction. Have felt a great spirit of consecration, and have held heavenly, happy communion with God this day. The Lord is pouring out his Spirit in more copious effusions. Praised be his holy name! I love my Jesus. How precious! He is my all, my joy and my song. Had delightful seasons while listening to the word; hope and trust that it has not been preached in vain. Brother H. was anointed from on high this evening while discoursing on the character and government of God. Let the people tremble, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Twenty or thirty were present at the altar, penitent and trembling under a sense of their sins. God save the penitent, forlorn mourner; speed on the work, and let hundreds turn to thee. I am happy in a Saviour’s love. How sweet to rest upon the atonement! How willing and able the Saviour to save to the uttermost! Father, keep me by thy grace. O for an expansion of the soul, and an overflowing of holy love to God and man! I am not my own, but

am bought with a price, therefore I wish to serve the Most High both in my body and spirit which are his."

The following letter to his parents was written on a sheet on which an engraving of the university was printed. To this picture direct allusion is made in the letter. The description will be readily recognised by persons acquainted with the localities. Those who are not, will find their apprehension of the subject aided by reference to pictures of the university, which are to be found in various parts of the land.

" Wesleyan University, Feb. 22, 1840.

"DEAR PARENTS,—If you will just look into the windows of the corner room, second story, at the right hand of the university before you, you may behold your son standing by his high writing-desk, penning these lines to his dearest earthly friends. I will imagine you here. I would first turn and beam upon you the smile of filial love, and rejoice at beholding you. I have the best of health; had a safe and tolerable journey, and joyfully greeted my old companions and friends.

"Let us walk out, and find our way up into the belfry of the chapel—the building which you see at your left. O how I wish nature would just now throw on her mantle of green! We will, nevertheless, take a hasty glance at the situation of these buildings, and of the surrounding country. The buildings themselves

are located upon the highest elevation in the vicinity of the city. Standing as we do upon the summit of the chapel, with ease and pleasure we may view the city before us, while, with increased emotions of the beautiful, we behold the graceful Connecticut in her winding course, as it were, benevolently saluting us as she onward moves to the ocean. Extending our view, undulations, like ocean billows, feast our eyes, till mountains bound our prospect. Such is the view on the left and before us. On our right and behind us, we shall be no less enraptured by the picturesque scene. True, no Connecticut here meanders among the hills, plains, and mountains, yet, if we are fond of the sublime, we may admiringly gaze upon the peer-ing ridges of the mountain-chain trailing down from Vermont. 'Tis a spring-like day, and the blue-bird is singing her presaging note, while winter is fleeing with his whiteness away. Let us turn and gaze around, far and near, o'er hill, dale, and river. Let the impress remain ; and now we'll descend.

“ On our way down, would you like just to step into the college library ? Here, entering these several alcoves, we see many thousands of volumes, and those of all languages. Here are minerals ; regularly formed rocks from the Giant's Causeway, obtained by Dr. Fisk ; and numerous other curiosities which it would take a sheet to name. But here I will not detain you. We might, if you choose, go into the depository of the Missionary Lyceum, and examine the

implements and curious things which have been received from all parts of the world. Some of them have been received from individuals who have gone out from these halls as missionaries. We hear from them occasionally by letter direct. A thousand thoughts are awakened while here we stand and gaze. Upon the lands from which these came, the light of the gospel is but just dawning. Millions are morally slumbering in the vales of death ; and shall we not fly to their rescue ? Shall millions plead with the silent eloquence of misery, and we stand unmoved ? Shall we not feelingly respond, ‘ Here am I, send me ? ’ There is one more apartment into which I would like to guide you, the society room—the place where we meet once a week for the discussion of questions, and other literary exercises. This may attract you by its carpet, library, portraits, hangings, &c. Here we bring into competition mind with mind, and thus mutually strengthen each other.

“ But if you have looked about sufficiently, we will return to the room where I greeted you. Please be seated. Well, how were you pleased with the situation ? Is it not a delightful place ? It is so to me—a little Zion’s hill. I delight to take a view, through the window, of the city, river, hills, and mountains. It often leads me off in thought and pleasing meditation to Zion’s hill above ; and seating myself there, with enrapturing delight, I gaze upon the pure stream of life meandering through those heaven-

ly plains, and winding among the hills of immortality.

“Down upon my knees, beside that bed, have I often bowed, and gazed upward to those heavenly hills—to the throne of God, and held holy, joyful communion with him. How often has the fountain of gratitude gushed up within, while numbering o’er the mercies of Heaven! Yes, there is a golden cord which unites me to the skies. Since I returned I have had a sweet season in dedicating myself anew to God. Every moment we must hold ourselves a holy offering to the Most High. Yes, myself, studies, advantages, time, talents, *all*, I give to God—the rightful claimant. I am not my own, having been bought with a price. We have held protracted meetings for several weeks past in the city; some have been converted. We have a love-feast this evening. Will you go down? We generally have glorious times on such occasions. Why, is it a fact that this is all fancy? that you are not here? Well, if so, you can just look into the windows there and see me. Does it look dark? Two suns frequently beam in upon me—hence I am doubly illuminated. While one sheds cheerfulness without, the other sheds it within. Love to all. Pray for your

ISAAC.”

We now resume the diary, which will be found, as heretofore, full of spiritual interest.

“Feb. 23.—Have just returned from Middlefield, where I have been talking to the peo-

ple about the kingdom. The Lord was pleased to give us an humble, peaceful, happy season. This to me has been a profitable day. How unutterable the privilege of holding communion with Jesus! I love my Lord, but cannot love him enough. O for grace to love him more! His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace. It is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit, that we effect any good. If the Lord has used me as an instrument of any good, to him be all the glory, for at best I am a broken reed. Lord, bless the people at Middlefield!

“During the week have had a continual evidence that I am an adopted child of God. How I delight to peruse his holy word!—every line is big with meaning. Let the Holy Spirit continue to shine upon its pages, and reflect its truths upon my understanding and heart. I love to bow down by my bed, and lift up my heart in holy communion with the skies. Jesus is not afar off; he is nigh me—in my heart.

“March 1.—During the week I have had severe trials, yet the grace of God has been sufficient for me. I think, yea, I know they have worked for my good. More and more of my heart has been disclosed to me; and I have more fully realized that it is alone by constant clinging to the atonement the heart can be kept in holy communion and union with Heaven.

“On Saturday I read a work on keeping the heart, which has very much aided me. Had pleasant and profitable visits at Mrs. Holdich’s

and widow Fisk's. Saturday evening attended general class meeting in the city; beyond conception heavenly, the best meeting I have enjoyed since I have been in Middletown. It was one mass of heavenly love. What a happy place is this! My soul could

‘ Sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.’

We have good indications of a revival in the college. For this I most ardently pray, and am endeavouring to exert my individual influence. Talked with two this evening on the subject of religion. They were free to converse. May the blessing of God rest upon them, and convince them of its necessity! My all is reposing on Jesus. How sweet to think of him and heaven!

“ 9th.—For the most of the week past I have held delightful communion with God. Have found great pleasure and profit in attending the extraordinary means of grace enjoyed in the city. Wednesday evening we held a feast of love in the chapel—the best meeting I have had in that place. Yesterday we were addressed by Professor Whedon, with greater power than I have ever witnessed in him. O may this be the beginning of better days! Holiness is the standard at which we must aim. Nothing short of this will assure us of permanent happiness.

“ 16th.—The first of the week past, had some unhappiness by reason of neglect of duty. Sometimes the will is good, but the flesh is

weak. Lord, help me to abide in thy strength! More and more do I realize the importance of trusting alone in the atonement. The latter part of the week I have felt a sinking into the depths of perfect love. What a boundless ocean! Jesus is my Advocate. He ever lives to intercede for me. I have been much edified and strengthened in reading the present number of the Guide to Christian Perfection. Mrs. P. P. is excellent. She has strong, abiding faith. She has offered *all* upon the altar which sanctifies the gift. While she continues to hold the offering there, she continues to be sanctified. O what a deep and holy tranquillity in holding one's self thus an offered sacrifice! I have realized great profit in perusing the Memoir of Mrs. Mortimer. She lived in the time of Wesley; was a correspondent of his; lived a holy and useful life. On Saturday had a pleasant and profitable visit at Professor Holdich's; conversed on the subject of holiness.

"Yesterday was one of profit to me, though I was absent from church. Dear brother Harbison is fast declining in consumption. He is in the midst of his days, and of youthful hopes. He who has afflicted does all things well. Whatever may be the purposes of Heaven in regard to him, may he be enabled to say, '*Thy will be done.*' With him I spent the day. Till yesterday he had not felt much evidence of his acceptance. It was sweet to point him to the Saviour, and to tell him how to rest upon the atonement. Joy and peace were his portion.

Jesus was precious. Brother H. had been a professor of religion for some time, but had been in a cold and formal state, with but little enjoyment. Death and eternity bring us to ourselves, and cause us to let go the world, and to cling to the Supporter of immortal hopes. O that in health and prosperity Christians—all, would make preparation for the hour of dissolution, and the scenes of eternity! Let me be wise.

“I love my Jesus. I love to contemplate the hour of my departure, my entrance through the gate of death, which will open to me eternal joys. I stand not by my own might or power, but by the grace of God. Ever let me abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I hope we shall yet see a revival in college. To-day we commence holding meetings in each section, which we shall endeavour to continue daily. May Heaven smile upon our efforts! Give us faith and perseverance. Without thy aid our efforts will prove useless. Help us, therefore, O Lord most high, and thy name shall have all the glory.

“22d.—For several days have been unwell with a cold. Our little meetings continue daily as intended. In consequence of hoarseness have not been able to take that part in them which I otherwise would have taken. In some respects I have brought darkness into my mind, and leanness into my soul. Thank Heaven, I have an Advocate with the Father. This day has been one of profit to my soul, though still afflicted in body. But these pains

remind me of the garden of Gethsemane, and of the rugged cross. What infinite pain did my Saviour endure for me !

‘ O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !’

“ Have had such sweet access to the throne in prayer. O how beyond expression blessed is it to lie at Jesus’s feet ! There is my appropriate place. I want my Saviour to maintain perfect sway over my passions and affections. The enemy oftentimes throws in unpleasant suggestions, and would fain draw me into sin. At such times it is my prayer that the stronger than the strong man armed may conquer. O for heavenly wisdom to guide me through the mazes of this pilgrimage scene !

“ News comes in from all quarters that the Lord is reviving his work in great power. Several thousands have, within a few weeks, entered into the kingdom. Nor may they be satisfied with a state of justification merely, since it is their high privilege and duty to enter into the rest of the sanctified. This is the doctrine which must prevail. In Boston the holy leaven is spreading throughout all the churches.

“ I have this day finished the Memoir of Mrs. Mortimer. She is now singing praises in glory. What a happy host are there ! I sometimes have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which would be far better. But let me always be able to say, ‘ The will of the Lord be done.’ ”

The following letter to his father is in har-

mony with all that we have yet presented to the reader from the pen of our excellent young brother. With what an elevation of mind and character, with what a divine cheerfulness and glory did the blessed experience of holiness invest him! It gave a hallowed charm to all the scenes of earth and of life to him. Nor can we wonder at his interest and desire for the universal prevalence of this glorious experience in the Christian church. So consistent is it with their relation to God, with the convictions of their hearts, with success and happiness in their Christian course, that the only cause of wonder is, that the disciples of Christ do not cordially and universally embrace it.

“Wesleyan University, March 22, 1840.

“DEAR FATHER,—Were I not extremely hoarse with a cold, I should, at this hour, be mingling in social devotion with my brethren in some one of our rooms. Thank kind Heaven that our Saviour is not confined to places. I have just risen from my knees, in which posture I have felt a sweet yielding up to Christ. I have felt freedom and faith while presenting my parents and relatives, brethren and friends, before the throne. Felt special faith while presenting the case of brother Harbison, who has, for the fortnight past, been declining with consumption. He feels a sweet reposing on the bosom of his Redeemer. I am reading the Memoir of Mrs. Mortimer. What a holy, devoted disciple of Christ! She was in labours

abundant, in her communion deep. I have traced her to the borders of the invisible world. I see she is about to clap her glad wings, and soar away to yon bright world. Reading such lives tends to inspire me with new activity and zeal. At the bed of many a dying saint did Mrs. M. stand, witnessing the triumphant departure of the happy spirit. Among others, she had the blessed privilege of witnessing the dying scene of Mr. J. Wesley, of which she gives a happy account.

“ I have often heard it remarked that college is no place to enjoy religion. But I find it the best place in many respects. Here, morning and evening, and almost every hour, I can bow before the altar which I have erected and dedicated, and find, through my ever-living Mediator, sweet access to the Father of all my mercies. How delightful when we come casting *all* at his feet, looking right up to his smiling face; when we rest implicitly upon the atonement which he has so amply made! O that all the world might come and test his willingness to save, even to the uttermost! Did I say, *might* come? Nothing prevents but the wayward heart—the stubborn will. When will the *Christian church* even come up to its high and holy privilege? If we wish the ushering in of the millennial glory, we must stand on holy ground. It is joyful to learn that some are coming upon this ground. *Holiness* and *personal effort* must be the means used in converting the world, and in securing a mansion above.

“Thank my blessed Jesus, I feel less and less attachment to this fading, transitory world, except as I can view it as a medium through which the wisdom and power of God are displayed. The Christian looks upon the face of nature with a far different eye from that of the cold skeptic. The former is pointed heavenward by the green spires that spring at his feet, by the thriving, gently-waving fields, by the towering forests. Nor does he listen to the sweet music of a spring morning without being prompted to hymns of praise to his Maker. Or, at some pleasant evening twilight, does he sit by his window, gazing upon the golden tinges of the setting sun? He at once is led to meditate upon the bright decline of the Christian’s life. He seems to see a halo of glory gather around the dying Christian—a halo which lingers after the pure spirit has fled to a fairer clime. O, how many lessons may we learn while thus we contemplate the scenes and objects of nature! They are designed to lead us to the one great being, God.

“I hope you are all in a prosperous state. Give up all things else, but never give up religion. Father, you delight to recall by-gone days, and muse on the scenes through which you have passed. Many happy spirits, through your instrumentality, are now in glory. May God enable you and me so to live as ultimately to hail them with all the redeemed in that better land! Let not the cares and perplexities of life call off your peaceful heart from God. Let mother be tranquil at the feet of Jesus. What

a becoming posture ! There let me always dwell. *O that I could* persuade my dear brothers and sisters to embrace and faithfully love my Saviour. I trust Mary is still clinging to the atonement ; never let go your hold. My love to all. I. JENNISON, JR."

How false the idea that a college student must decline in piety ; that such are the engrossing studies, such the influence of young associates, as to render it almost a moral certainty that he will suffer spiritual declension ! We all know there are too many melancholy instances of departure from God and virtue in college ; but, on the other hand, there are some noble examples of moral purpose and dignity—individuals who, like our brother, have found their study-room a bethel and a sanctuary, where holy fire has been kept burning, and God has been eminently, sacredly present. Another extract from his journal follows, in which the workings of holy fervour of soul are very discernible.

" March 29.—Though still somewhat indisposed in body, yet I might, the past week, have laboured more for the good of souls. O Lord, forgive the indifference of my heart ! If I know the honest feelings of my soul, I wish to study for the glory of God, and would have, and do pray for, the sanctifying influence of the Most High to rest upon me and my studies always.

" Last evening and this morning engaged

with my brethren in the social prayer meetings. This morning we had a special visit from above. I arose, and found my thoughts upon a subject respecting which I had for some time felt it my duty to speak—the necessity of personal holiness, if we wished to see the work of God among sinners. More and more am I convinced of the importance of holiness to the efficiency of the church in her operations. Why were the primitive Christians successful in their career amid an opposing and prejudiced world? When has the church been most successful in her efforts to save souls? Need we answer to the former, Because they were holy? and to the latter, When she has been the most holy? Some of my brethren are well in the work. Lord bless them.”

The following is part of a letter written to one of his earliest correspondents, Mr. Joseph Williams, Jr., of Newburyport, who thus speaks of his acquaintance with our brother Jennison:

“ We were acquainted with each other about seven years. We were, till my health failed, class-mates at the Wesleyan Academy. Many happy hours did we spend together while we were pursuing our studies at that institution. Our acquaintance ripened soon into the most intimate friendship. Never have I had the pleasure of being acquainted with any one else who so uniformly adorned his profession with a well-ordered life and godly conversation. There was something of Christ in all that he did. In conversation he always expressed a

desire to have his will lost in the will of his heavenly Father."

To this friend he writes :—

" Wesleyan University, March 30, 1840.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I passed the winter very pleasantly; closed my school with satisfaction; made a transient call at my father's, and have since been engaged in my regular studies. Brother, how swift is the flight of time! It does not seem to me that I am on the last term of my third year. Time waits for no one. Swiftly are early years and scenes receding into the distant past. As they are viewed in the distance, they seem to gather about themselves the greater interest. True it is that we know not how to prize our privileges until they are past.

"The great object of human life, in the estimation of man, is happiness. When young, he is looking for it in the future; when old, he wishes himself back among the sunny days of childhood. How true the saying of Montgomery, 'Manhood is the poetry of childhood,' and vice versa. Wise is he who heeds the counsels of the experienced. Generally speaking, could we live over again, how vastly different would be our course! Could we realize that we are not our own, but are bought with a price, how should we endeavour to bring every thought, emotion, passion, and action into subserviency to the will of the Most High!

"I was satisfied with your explanation of

holiness. We do not doubt the doctrine as contained in the Bible. Is it our duty and for our advantage to stand in a justified relation to the law of God? Unless the temple be holy, how can it be the dwelling-place of the Trinity? How can one bear the vessels of the Lord, unless his heart be pure, his hands be clean? *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* For some time my mind has been engaged in this all-important, all-interesting subject. I feel that I enjoy, at least, a degree of the purity of heart preached by Christ and his apostles, and still advocated by our church. O brother, to have every idol torn from the heart; to have all the buyers and sellers scourged from the temple; to have the evil dispositions and inclinations removed; in a word, to have the heart cleansed from all unrighteousness, and the kingdom of God set up within, consisting of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, is happiness beyond human language to describe. In the possession of a heart thus regenerated, the present world wears a different aspect; the relations we bear to it, and all its concerns, are viewed in a far different light. We are enabled to view sublunary things in the light of eternity. We feel then that we have no right to live to ourselves; that our thoughts, feelings, and actions should be in direct accordance with the will of Heaven. Anxiety for the future is removed; our *all* reposes on the atonement; through momentary reposing faith we are saved by the blood of Christ. This

simple principle is in the centre of the soul, giving spring to every thought, feeling, and action—the principle of *pleasing God*. Your eyes are unto him, as the eyes of a servant are unto his master. How sweet to repose at night! All is well whether we wake in time or eternity. If in time, praises are on our lips; if in eternity, we are ready to tune our immortal lyre. O blessed state of loving God supremely! But other duties forbid my dwelling longer on this delightful theme.

“Asking an interest in your fervent prayers, permit me to subscribe myself, yours in Christ,
“ISAAC JENNISON, JR.”

Young Harbison, whose sickness has been alluded to, was now about closing his brief career, and our brother had the privilege of seeing in him another exhibition of the triumph of grace over the last enemy. Of this event he speaks in the passages of his diary which follow, and which also describe the effect thereby produced on his own views and feelings.

“April 4.—Have just returned from witnessing a dying scene. Brother Harbison is no more! About seven o'clock this evening I called to see him; prayed and conversed with him. He gave more satisfactory evidence that all was well than on former occasions. Jesus was precious, and heaven appeared more bright and attractive. He feared not to pass through the dark valley, for the Saviour was his friend. I left him apparently no worse. Had been en-

gaged in meeting in college but a short time before I was called to go over immediately, for he was taken with bleeding at the lungs. I hastened, and found him fast falling into the embrace of death. He wished prayer to be offered. I endeavoured to commend him to God. He was now unable to converse, but in answer to the question, 'Is Jesus precious?' he waved his emaciated hand significant of an affirmative reply. By his side was his weeping, grief-worn sister, holding his death-chilled hand. Two besides myself were beholding him breathing his life out peacefully on the bosom of his Saviour. But as his spirit was fluttering between the visible and invisible worlds, I again bowed in commendation of his soul to the God who gave it, while hovering angels were waiting to escort it home to the skies. I arose; the happy spirit had fled. Without a struggle or a groan, at the hour of nine, he bade this world adieu. While deep were the sighs of the sister, we mingled the tears of sympathy with hers of sorrow.

"When he shall be deposited in the cold grave let me say, 'Peaceful be thy silent slumber.' The body may moulder to its original elements, but the happy spirit will wing its unwearied flight around the eternal throne. It is now, doubtless, mingling with kindred ones above, beholding the unveiled glories of God and the Lamb. There

'Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.'

Then

‘Why do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death’s alarms?
’Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.’

“Let this dispensation of divine Providence be sanctified to the afflicted relatives, and to us as fellow-students. May Christians be stimulated to zealous and persevering action, while sinners shall take the solemn warning, and flee to Christ for refuge ere it be too late.

“These lines I pen during the midnight hour. All is silent as death, save the gently-moaning winds which heighten the emotions arising from this solemn event. The spirits of the invisible world float in silence around me, and seem to say in behalf of the departed, ‘Friend, friend, weep not, nor sigh for me, ’tis my infinite gain!’

“5th.—The sabbath stillness holds me spell-bound. My thoughts linger about the scene of last evening. Brother H. has entered into rest, has commenced a sabbath that will never end. While he praises the Lamb in hymns above, I’ll praise him in hymns below. O the sweet symphonies of the choir on high! I would catch their echoing notes, and harmoniously blend in their melodies. But I must wait for my immortal lyre. May I daily be preparing to join the host which no man can number! How can I expect to enter heaven, where all is purity and love, except I be holy? How ought I to watch every word and thought! O for a

sinking into God—a surrender of the soul entire ! There is no fear of death to the Christian. The gloom of the grave is dispersed by the eternal Sun. The passage to the tomb is illuminated by the gleaming, yet mellow light of eternity. The dying saint fears not to lay his body in the grave, for there the Saviour lay, and ‘left a long perfume.’ He is assured that ere long

‘He will break death’s envious chain,
And in full glory shine.’

In his last moments he exclaims,

‘O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?’

‘Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.’

“I sometimes long to fly away and be at rest. Religion, sweet religion ! I love the blessed boon. My departed brother, whisper, tell me, art thou happy ? Do you behold, not through a glass darkly, but face to face ? Do the glories of the Lamb now unfold to thy undimmed vision ? Does your enraptured spirit join in the melodies of heaven ? Do you range the groves of bliss, walk by the river of life, and drink of the pure fountain ? O heaven, sweet heaven ! when shall I arrive at home ? But I will wait with patience until my pilgrimage shall end.

“7th.—Have just paid our last offices of respect to the remains of our departed brother and fellow-student. Solemn, yet joyous scene ! —solemn, because we shall behold his face no

more in this world ; joyous, because he rests in hope, and because Jesus is the resurrection and the life. Which of us will go next ? Is it I ? Well, I have, through grace, a sustaining hope in Jesus. From this event let me learn a useful lesson. From this period let me continue to ripen for immortality.

“13th.—For several days I have been unable to leave my room in consequence of a severe cold. This morning finds me gaining. Since I last wrote, sister H. has left, deeply borne down with sorrow under her recent affliction. She visited again and again the resting-place of her beloved brother. It is the religion of Jesus alone that can support her in this bereavement. May Heaven make up to her all her loss !

‘ Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.’

“Yesterday, though I was prevented from attending church, was a day of spiritual profit and pleasure. I delight to meditate upon his word—his promises. Heaven has seemed so delightful a place, I have longed to be there. ‘Who would live alway?’ I cannot express the joy of my heart. I love my God, I love my brethren, I love a perishing world. O that I could do more for its salvation ! I can, I must ; Lord, help a worm. I am nothing. When I trust to myself I fall a disgraceful mass of ruins—of pride and folly. Let me always hang my honest soul entire upon the bleeding Lamb. I feel that I am not my own. I wish

not to live except to God alone. Never let me my trust betray. I know I am fallible, and surrounded by an alluring world; but Jesus, into thy cleft side I fall, and seek shelter from the storm. There let me remain till the tempests be overpast. I pray for all the mind of Christ. Let me have not only all his passive graces, but also his mind to sympathize and labour. O to enter into the sympathies of Christ for a perishing world!"

Having partially recovered from his cold, he wrote to his cousin, Rev. F. Fisk, in the following strain of cheerful piety:—

" Wesleyan University, April 14, 1840.

"DEAR COUSIN,—You see that on a part of this sheet is a scheme of the junior exhibition. Our class is divided into two parts, the dividing line being drawn between the letters L and M. You will perceive that the latter only engage in the performances. The former will come upon the stage next fall. So you see I remain behind the curtain, the most appropriate place for me. I wish, however, you could be present and enjoy with us the literary feast.

"I have been confined to my room for several days in consequence of ill health, but have been out this morning. It was so pleasant I could be confined no longer. And by my manner of writing shouldn't you think that I am much exhilarated? The buds are swelling, the rills are rippling, the river is rolling, the mountains are towering, the sun is beaming, the

zephyrs are breathing, the birds are singing, all nature is waking, in harmony sweet her voices are blending, and shall I be sluggishly scribbling along? 'Is any merry? Let him sing psalms.' Brother, when the world within is right, how pleasant the world without! The naturalist may view nature, and feel emotions of beauty; but let him feel the mild and pleasing influences of Christianity upon his soul, and no language can express the pleasure with which he gazes upon the objects of beauty around him. In every green blade, in every swelling bud and opening flower, in every passing fragrance, in every gentle breeze that fans his heated brow, in every bending forest and towering mount, in all the varied landscape, he sees his Maker's hand divine. Blessed be God for the pleasures of religion! Without this I should be perfectly miserable. It is with me when I wake, when I walk, when I talk, when I study, when I eat and drink, in the closet—in short, where'er I am, whate'er I do. How sweet the evening twilight! 'Tis then I love to sit in meditation on past hours, 'and ask them what report they have borne to heaven.' O, how I love to cast myself at the Saviour's feet, and hold communion with him! O, his side, 'twas cleft to take *me* in! There I can 'make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.' Yours, &c.

"ISAAC."

Satan often fills the mind with dark suggestions, and depresses the spirits through the

afflictions of life. In a season of sudden despondency, or when in "heaviness through manifold temptations," we may indulge unbelief, and yield to neglect of duty, and thus lose the sensible evidence of acceptance with God. Then we can find no peace; we go "mourning without the sun;" we feel that God alone is our rest, our joy, our hope; and we persist in humble and earnest entreaty at the throne, till God restore unto us the joy of his salvation. Then we prove the preciousness of Christ. Then we rejoice as men who divide the spoil. Then is "our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing," and we say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Our brother was not often despondent, not often overcome with temptation, but when he was sensible of any loss of fellowship with God, he rested not till confidence was restored, and he could rejoice again in the unclouded light of God's countenance. We find him thus suffering from trials of mind at the time of writing the following extracts; and we find him, too, still clinging to the cross as the only resort for the troubled in spirit.

"April 19.—Have just returned from Berlin, where I have endeavoured, in my feeble manner, to cheer the Christian in his pilgrimage by contrasting the short-lived pleasures of earth with the eternal glories of heaven. Did not have so much freedom as on some occasions. But I commit the whole to my Master; he knows best when to give freedom. For several

weeks I have not been thus employed. It does me good to labour. I must beware lest my armour become dim.

“During the week I have had trials of soul. The enemy seemed sometimes almost to prevail. Have not had ready access to the throne at all times. I hardly know what is the cause. It cannot be unwillingness on the part of God to bless ; the fault is in myself. I have been seeking and praying to know the cause. Would that the Lord would disclose to me the difficulty ! My God, never suffer the temple I have dedicated to thee to be stained by sin, or desecrated by the introduction of any idol. On Saturday, P. M., made two or three calls which were pleasant and profitable. Let the doctrine of holiness prevail.

“Sabbath, after service in the afternoon. Have been unhappy through the week ; have not done my duty, and have lost ground in consequence. Did not have access at the throne. The enemy has continued to vex me much. I think I have suffered useless anxieties to trouble me. The tide against me has been mighty ; it has borne me too far from my God. Often I have felt the conviction that I must make a desperate effort, and plunge into the Godhead’s deepest sea. This afternoon, while listening to the word, I have, in a good degree, triumphed. Christ is slaying my foes ; he will be conqueror. I am his. The Holy Ghost does come in, and give tranquillity of conscience. O how foolish to trust in any other than Almighty power ! I

am safe nowhere but on the Rock of ages. Jesus's blood is my only plea. O for strong, living, triumphant faith ! Let there be a thorough purification of my nature. Lord, save or I perish !

“ May 3.—Delightful day. Nature is clad in loveliness. The feathered tribes carol their sweet songs of joy in varied notes. Life and joy seem pervading all things. But the sinful heart of man, how sad and dark without the Saviour ! What a tormenting thing a guilty conscience ! 'Tis the worm that never dies. It will gnaw eternally in the bosoms of the finally impenitent. Lord, have I again sinned against thy Holy Spirit ? Have I yielded again to temptation ? Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest I would love thee, and *thee only*. O, what a tempting world ! When shall I be delivered from the power of my adversaries ? They would destroy me for ever. Jesus, thou alone canst conquer and defend ; be my wall of defence. Have been unwell in body, unable to study. In the former part of the week had sweet communion with Heaven. Being unwell, on Friday rode out several miles with brother R., thinking it to be for my benefit. Mingling in varied society, and being thrown into different circumstances, did not have a good influence on my spiritual enjoyment. Debilitated in body, I was less able to bear up against temptation. I am conscious that I have lost some ground. But ‘if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father.’ It

will do no good to remain here lamenting. Jesus, I come to thee. Apply thy cleansing blood; wash me from all my guiltiness, and restore me to the complete favour of God. I lie upon the altar, a new and living sacrifice to the Most High. O, I cannot rest until the light of thy countenance be lifted upon me! Now accept me as I am; at thy cross I lie."

CHAPTER IX.

Visits Wilbraham—Letter to Miss. M. P. C.—Searchings of heart—Spiritual declension—Local preacher's license—Letter to his father—Quickened in soul—Letter to Miss M. P. C.—Views of death—Happy in the Lord—Death of friends—Close of the collegiate year—Letter of condolence to the friends of C. Coolidge.

THE state of his health at this time rendered a vacation very agreeable and desirable to our brother, and he employed the short one afforded, in the first part of May, in travelling and visiting. New and strange scenes did not seem to have so much attraction for him as the familiar faces of friends and old associations. Hence he made, as he says, his principal visit at Wilbraham. The natural and social affections continued ever strong within him, and he clung to early and cherished remembrances with all the fondness of a devoted lover. There are beauty and poetry in these clustering sentiments of the heart. The tendrils of the vine

are means of its support, and lift it up into the light and heat of the sun, where it spreads abroad its foliage and its fruit to gratify the eye and the taste of man. So the twining affections of the soul, while they indicate our dependant relation in point of happiness, enable us to exhibit those qualities of character which ever have been, and ever should be, the admiration of mankind. That heart can be safely trusted as the sanctuary of domestic and social virtues, which, while it renders to God his due, adheres, with the greater tenacity as years pass on, to the pure friendships, and the sun-light scenes of early days. There is something chastening, humanizing, hallowing to the soul, in the endeared and endearing associations of youthful attachments.

May 17, he writes respecting his visit at Wilbraham :—

“ Here I had spent months and years ; here had met and parted with hundreds. Connected with the Wesleyan Academy are many agreeable associations. How oft have I walked the pleasant street of W. ! How oft, at the tolling bell, have I mingled with the youthful throng in ascending that delightful eminence, and in joining our beloved teachers in morning devotions ; how often assembled in those halls of instruction for mental improvement ! How happily, and profitably, too, (I trust,) have I engaged in the social means of grace ! Here we have bowed around the common altar, gazed heavenward, caught a bright glimpse of

our common Father's face, and rejoiced with heavenly joy. Here I have witnessed the conversion of souls. From this place has gone forth the missionary of the cross. Yes, the vast multitudes with whom I have mingled here are now scattered. While some are pursuing their education in higher institutions, others are engaged in the scenes of active life, and some are slumbering in the silent tomb. Peaceful be their repose. Happy those who have ascended to their eternal mansions.

“These mountains and grottoes, I love them still. The sight of them calls up cherished remembrances. With my *much-beloved* brother Goodnow and his valued companion I spent Saturday, and much of the time while in the place. Brother R. came over, and insisted on my addressing the people on the sabbath. I felt as though I should sink under the cross. O, what a weight! In the name of Jesus, I told him I would try. I repaired to my closet, and plead with the Lord of hosts. If it were his will that I should enter the sacred desk, I prayed him to stand by me, and make my great commission known. The sacred hour came. I entered the holy place. I felt weaker than a bruised reed. I threw myself upon the arm omnipotent. My tongue was loosed. Jesus was with me, and to him be all the glory. With him we can do all things.

‘Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever.’

“Returned to Middletown on Friday. The exclusion has been beneficial to my health. The difficulty in my head is gone. I am not, however, yet in perfect health. Yesterday did not accomplish much. This is the sacred sabbath; holy day! O that I had spent it more for my spiritual good! This is a life of warfare. When shall I be conqueror over all my foes? I cannot, Jesus must vanquish them; but I will co-operate with him. How treacherous the human heart! It is above all things deceitful, and desperately wicked. Once more I commit myself into the hands of the Lord.

“24th.—Am yet unwell, but getting better; would be unfeignedly thankful. Have not much access to the throne. The body and mind greatly sympathize. Last evening had a good season in examining my heart, and pleading with the Father through my gracious Advocate. This morning felt peaceful. O that I might enter more into God! I long to feel secure, sheltered in the *sacred cleft*. I fear I have taken back some part of the offering. Lord, I would not, I give all to thee. I am thine, for thou hast bought me with an invaluable price. Forbid that I should live to myself.

‘O may I to *thy* glory live,
And in *thy* cause expire.’—Amen.”

To the young lady for whom he had contracted a tender attachment, he wrote in the most respectfully-affectionate manner. From this correspondence we have been permitted to

make a few selections and extracts. The first that we shall present is as follows :—

TO MISS M. P. C.

“ *Wesleyan University, May 26, 1840.*

“ HIGHLY-ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I embrace this passing twilight hour to address one with whom I trust I may fondly hope to enjoy a mutual and increasingly-happy acquaintance.

“ Here let me remark, that nothing can be expected ultimately to prosper on which rests not the *smile of Heaven*. How important then that the blessing of our heavenly Father be invoked upon all our friendships and social relations, yea, upon all we do ! When the social feelings are cultivated under his approbation, then may we expect them to yield inexpressible delight. Indeed, in the bestowment of the social affections we discover, in an exalted degree, the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. Without these we at once see there would be no such thing as society. How could we weep with those who weep, or rejoice with those who rejoice ? How lonely and unhappy he who feels not to mingle in the innocent and social scenes of life ! Nature may smile, beauties bloom around him, and the fair landscape expand in all its variety before him, yet he feels *alone*, and realizes no joyous emotions. How great the blessing that we are social beings ! It is right, therefore, to interchange thought, and reciprocate the kindly feelings of the heart. How beyond description happy

were the representatives of the human race in their pristine abode! I need but allude to the ideas of Milton. They were then clothed in innocence; all things contributed to the pleasure of the eye, the ear, the heart; while every breath of theirs was a tribute of gratitude and praise to the Author of their delights.

"Innocence, alas! has plumed her dove-like pinions, and fled to a purer clime. 'Tis but occasionally she revisits these terrestrial bowers. Whenever we can catch a glimpse of her we admire, and are led to think of the happiness of Eden. We do, however, have the unspeakable pleasure of knowing that divine grace can so far restore the fallen nature of man as to enable him to exhibit that beauty and symmetry of character which all will admire and God approve. 'Tis then an individual can diffuse happiness wherever he moves. How happy are congenial hearts! Let them meet amid these sublunary scenes, and, under the approbation of their kind Benefactor, they realize a little heaven. Think you not that this, in Christ, will contribute to the happiness of the redeemed? Why should it not, when every chord of the human heart, touched by the finger of the Saviour's love, will vibrate in melody to the joy of each and all? Yours in the hope of a better acquaintance,

"I. JENNISON, JR."

He makes the following entries in his journal with great self-jealousy and great searchings

of heart. What ordinary Christians regard as a common, every-day experience—the want of sensible, heavenly communion with God—he looked upon as the source of the deepest melancholy and mourning. The soul that has once rejoiced in the fulness of the gospel, cannot be satisfied with any thing less. And this is one mark by which those may be known in whom the love of God has been perfected. There are heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of salvation which they have attained, which have so enlarged their capacities, so stimulated their desires, and elevated their hopes, as to leave an aching void within when for a moment these capacities, desires, and hopes are not fully satisfied. Such lament more the least diminution of spiritual life, than common Christian professors do habitual and grievous offences.

“May 31.—The week has gone. What record has it borne? Memory, mirror forth my thoughts and deeds. Upon some I can look back with a good conscience, but with regard to others I must plead guilty. Jesus is the propitiation for my sins, he is my advocate with the Father. Father, look upon thy Son, and then cast a pitying glance toward me. When shall I be what I ought to be? My God, do not I *love* thee? Thou knowest all things. Do I not delight in thy precepts and word? Thou knowest. Do I not love to fall before thee, and plead with thee? Can I be pleased to serve any other than *thee*? Thou knowest all things.

“My health is now good: how grateful ought I to be! Let the goodness of God lead me to repentance and faithfulness. Had some precious seasons in communion with the Holy Spirit. This evening at half-past five o'clock attempted to address the people at the Upper Houses. The Lord gave me considerable freedom. To *him* be all the glory. O how good to feel that we are weak! for then are we strong. Jesus, be with me always, even to the end. Am now reading the Memoir of Miss Bunting. She yielded her heart to God in her youth, and was a devoted and happy Christian. She now rests on glory's bed. My principles and my heart are fixed. I can live for no other than Him who has redeemed me. O, keep me by the power of the Holy Ghost!

“Sabbath, June 7.—I lament being obliged to record that I make no greater progress in the things of God. I am troubled with wandering thoughts, and consequently with barrenness of soul. I am sensible of a decline in spiritual things. The fault is in myself. The throne of God is pure; the guilt is on my own soul. I have foes without and foes within. Jesus alone can enable me to conquer them. I would not betray my trust. O for a coming out from the world! ‘The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.’ In times past God has smiled upon me, has enabled me to love him with all my heart; but I fear I have betrayed him. Can it be that I shall deny my Lord, and follow him afar off, as Peter

of old? Never, *never* suffer it, thou God of love. I would be honest with myself and my God. Do I not possess the principle that prompts me to love him? I must live for God; I must labour for a dying world.

“On the 4th instant, in the quarterly conference of the Wesleyan University, I was examined, and received a local preacher’s license. It is a great work to preach the everlasting gospel. I feel that I can turn with satisfaction to no pursuit in life except the great work of labouring exclusively for the salvation of immortal, priceless spirits. God has called me to the responsible undertaking. I must live holily, I must receive the unction from on high. O my God, leave me not to myself, nor to become the sport of my enemies! I hang my hopes, my all on the cross. Hast thou said, ‘Go into all the world, and preach the gospel?’ Then, according to thy promise, be thou with me.

“Heard from home; all well; happy to hear. Kind Heaven, bless my beloved parents. Amen.”

To the letter just referred to, he returned the following affectionate reply:—

“*Wesleyan University, June 8, 1840.*

“BELOVED FATHER,—With joy did I hail your white-winged messenger of the 31st ult. It bore me the tidings that you had not forgotten your Isaac. I almost began to think he was but little remembered. Why should I think so? I abandon the thought. My father

I know too well. Grateful to Heaven let me ever be that parents so kind and affectionate are mine. Often shall the knee be bent in supplication for blessings the choicest to rest upon them. Thankful am I that they have an interest above, a hope of eternal blessedness. How frequently do I imagine them in the silent chamber, pleading for the unworthy one who now addresses them! This thought inspires confidence when engaged in the great work assigned me to do. O, how much are children indebted to pious parents for their prayers and faithful instructions! How great the responsibility of such children! These prayers and instructions will serve to raise them higher in the bliss of heaven, or sink them deeper in the miseries of hell.

“For several days after having returned from my tour to Wilbraham, and ‘the region round about,’ I seemed to be worse. I did not know but I should be obliged to leave before the term should close. But I am thankful to say that my health is now remarkably good. I have a large strengthening plaster on my back, which aids me much. Have been troubled with weakness in that part.

“I enjoyed the great privilege of listening to a discourse from the Rev. Robert Newton, of England. He preached in this city on the evening of the 2d inst. I shall not here attempt a description, but would merely say, that his appearance, and spirit, and soundness of doctrine, corresponded with my ideas of Wes-

ley and the apostles. He was introduced to the students by our acting president, (Professor Smith,) at which time he gave us a short address. It was good. He alluded, in a very affecting and commendatory manner, to our departed president. 'He, being dead, yet speaketh,' said Mr. Newton. While making his remarks tears were gushing from the eyes of the venerable man. The tide began to heave in my own bosom at the recollection of the past ; ay, in many. Yours in haste,

"ISAAC."

The principle recognised in the following passage from the diary ought to be deeply inculcated on the mind of every young convert. It is a principle as Scriptural as it is consistent with experience, that in order to retain religion it must be manifested in the life. Many have vainly thought that they could be Christians unknown to the world. When, however, they have come to the point of giving up all for Christ, (as every one must in order to obtain favour with God,) they have either found that religion is preferable to the favour of their friends, and have, hence, boldly declared their intention to abandon the world ; or have felt the love of God so irrepressible and transforming in its influence, as to exhibit itself in their spirit, conversation, and conduct to the discernment of those about them ; or they have smothered the fires of devotion, hid the feeble glimmerings which began to illumine their

souls, and have finally lost their peace, their light, and their hope. In some rare instances of cruel and determined oppression and opposition, the wife, for instance, may have nourished within herself the flame of love to God, may have offered herself a continual offering to the Most High, resolved that, if prevented the outward exercise of religion, she would nevertheless live an inward life of holiness, which none could prevent, and thus may have been accepted, have retained her peace, and been saved at last. But the apostolic, the inspired rule of Christian life, is the only safe one to be enforced: "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The confession of Christ before the world is made the condition of being owned as his in the last day. Many a penitent has found the Lord in an open acknowledgment of his need of Christ, who may have sought in secret for months and years in vain; and many a Christian has obtained deliverances and joys in the public confession of attachment to Christ, which he has sought in vain in the seclusion of the closet.

"June 14.—I find that religion cannot be possessed without actively exhibiting it whenever we are able so to do. In proportion to my faithfulness do I enjoy the favour of God. I am thankful for his goodness and forbearance to me during the week. I remained much the same as last week, too unfaithful to the trust committed to me. I trust God has forgiven

me. This day (long to be remembered) have been with brother Campbell to Berlin. Did not seem to feel nerved for the work until just before leaving the house for the church in the afternoon. The Lord blessed me, giving me to feel my weakness, and showing where my true strength lay. Confiding on that Almighty arm I went to the house of God. The Lord was with me. Glory be to his name! Solemnity rested upon the congregation. I hope and trust some good will result; and not unto me, not unto me, but unto His name be glory for ever and ever. I felt as though commissioned from the Most High. Brother C. gave them a good sermon in the forenoon. This has been a day of great profit to me. The Lord now help me to go onward."

The following letter is addressed

TO MISS M. P. C.

"Wesleyan University, June 18, 1840.

"HIGHLY-ESTEEMED FRIEND,—Time flies on speedy wing, and I find I must occupy the present hour if I would again address you during the few days of the expiring term.

"Yours was duly received, and perused with great pleasure. Admired the Christian spirit which evidently breathed through the epistle. The allusion to a Saviour's love for fallen man touched a peculiar chord of my heart. Our tastes agree in regard to the poetry.

'Its octaves jarr'd the harps of heaven.'

Again,

‘The rush of wings swept further on,
Till lost upon the whispering air.’

Touches of true sublimity.

“Is such the song of angels? What then the hymn of the redeemed? Have not these a higher, louder note to swell? Raised from the lowest depths to the greatest heights, how can they not wonder and adore?

“Placed as he is in a world of change, where ‘passing away’ is written upon himself and every earthly object, the Christian looks upward to his eternal mansion with pleasing, longing emotions. He anticipates the occasion when he shall have joined the blood-washed company, and mingled in the anthem of glory to God and the Lamb. Hope is the constant attendant of the Christian. How often when clouds hang o’er his way, and obscure the brightness of that glorious sun, does Hope present her beauteous form and cheerful eye! She appears in the darkest hour; she abides till the clouds are overpast. Ask you, ‘What should we do were it not for the hope, &c.?’ O, earthly enjoyments would take wings, and the Christian’s cheerfulness turn to gloom. Hope, fair Hope, may she be ours till life shall end. We must bid her adieu when we enter the celestial city.

“I intimated at the beginning that our term is drawing to a close. We shall be dismissed on the 6th of July, on which day we shall leave, (the most of us,) to visit our friends.

How delightful will this be to those who, for months, have been separated from parents they fondly love, and the early circles in which they have pleasantly moved! Myself and one or two of my class-mates intend visiting, on our way homeward, Northampton, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst, and Wilbraham. If so, our course will take us through Springfield and Chickapee. You will not be astonished if we call and shake the hand of friendship with you. You are prospering in your school, I hope. It *does* require great patience to manage so many small children. What beautiful, pleasant days we have! 'Tis delightful to walk, at the twilight hour, along the margin of the peacefully-gliding Connecticut, and muse of the river of life. This world need not be so much a vale of tears. Yours sincerely,

“I. JENNISON, JR.”

Reading of or mingling in scenes of sickness and death produced no gloom in the mind of our brother, himself now gone. Sympathy he felt in the sorrow of others, and he was glad to assist the distressed. But the prospect of death only lifted his eyes to the brighter glories of heaven. It gave a spring to his faith and hope, and excited devout longings of soul “to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.” Earth to him was beautiful as a grand display of divine wisdom and power, but heaven is the dwelling place of God, and Christ, and holy beings; and well he judged, if at this distance

from God earthly scenes can be so delightful, how ravishing must be the glorious realities enjoyed in his immediate presence. He writes,

"June 20.—Have finished an account of the sickness and death of Mrs. De Haven, sister to Miss Bunting, as given by the latter. What patience in suffering! What reposing on God! What affection for her friends, especially for her husband, on whose finger (taking it from her own) she put her marriage ring, assenting to the sentiment uttered by her sister, that she was now completely wedded to Christ. What bright views of Jesus and heaven! Sweet heaven! she longed to be there. Glorious place! How many have passed Jordan, and entered the promised land! But this dying scene, how it affects me! I feel to weep. They are precious, profitable tears. I have often wished to die, would Jesus but accompany me through the dark valley. Why do we mourn to commit our friends to their narrow home? Jesus is the resurrection and the life. *They* do not slumber there; 'tis but the crumbling earth. The friend, the soul is in the bosom of its God. Glorious release from earth's cumbering cares, and toils, and woes. Happy ones, they dwell above in uncreated light. I love to be near the bed of the dying Christian. It is a privilege

'Above the common walks of life,
Quite in the verge of heaven.'

O, angels gather round the scene; unperceived they hover there, waiting to escort the happy

spirit to the skies. To see the power of religion to support the soul in the hour of dissolving nature; to hear the language of triumph over death and the grave; to see, from the countenance, beams of celestial light reflected; to receive the parting—the sincerest blessing of the dying friend, are privileges indeed. My soul melts with love.

“21st.—The Lord has greatly humbled me. Had but little freedom in addressing the people at Durham. Before I left college I felt well in soul, and thought I should have a good time; but the Lord saw best to confound me, lest I should take to myself the glory which belongs to him. Well, at this I would say, Amen.

“28th.—This has been a profitable day to my soul. Attended prayer meeting in the city the hour before morning service. Felt access to the throne. Jesus was my advocate. What a precious Redeemer!

‘O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer’s praise.’

I want to sink deeper into God, the fathomless, shoreless ocean. When shall I be conqueror over self; when know none but Christ and him crucified?

“‘My soul crieth out for the living God:’ nor would I do so for my own sake, but for the sake of Him whom I would magnify.

‘When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me.’

Hasten the blissful period. I wish to know

my God, and him alone. Lord, help me to struggle into life—into thee.

“July 3.—Have this day received a line from father, informing me that my grandmother Felch is no more. How uncertain is life! But one week before the date of his last, he wrote that all were well. Now one who has loved me as a mother—one who has often, in conversation with me, dropped tears of affection, lies slumbering in the silent grave. I shall behold her face no more. Well, she is taken from this vale of sorrow and suffering to *that rest* in heaven. She had long been travelling in the way thither. This is a warning to me: the young as well as the old may die.

“5th.—When I was writing last sabbath, about this hour (five P. M.) I was called to go and pray with sister B., who had been suddenly taken ill in the morning. She arose that morning in health, but about seven o’clock was taken with great pain, which grew more and more severe. This day I have followed her to the grave. She rests in hope. She had a desire to depart and be with Christ.

“6th.—Have now finished another collegiate year. During the week past was engaged in examination—a week of great labour. Felt very much worn down on Saturday. Here I must stop and weep that my time and opportunities have been no better occupied. O, may God forgive me! I deeply feel at this moment. Three years of my course of study in this institution gone! Is it so? Is life a dream?

It flows like a stream. I am nearer eternity! Am I preparing for my departure? At the feet of sovereign mercy I fall, repent, and yield to be saved by grace. Many voices are sounding in my ears, 'Be ye also ready.' I have not only heard of the recent death of a relative, and yesterday followed an acquaintance to the grave, but now the sad intelligence comes that brother C. Coolidge, my class-mate, will be no more. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Last Saturday evening I watched with him, but it was thought he would get well. Yesterday he became worse, and now the doctors say there is but little hope. He stands the highest in his studies in our class—a young man of good talents, and great promise."

The young friend just spoken of died after a short but severe illness of less than a week. On his visit home, in vacation, our brother wrote a letter of condolence to the friends of Mr. Coolidge, with which the present chapter will close.

Hope and fear, the joys of love, and the pains of disappointment, sudden and affecting changes of earthly scenes and circumstances, are strangely mingled in the cup of mortal existence. We begin the history of an individual, and our hearts gather interest in his fate, but we know that "the conclusion of the whole matter" is death. We witness the joyous smile and buoyant step of youthful love, and we almost fear to look again lest the pale signet of the tomb be upon the lip and eye. It is

almost disheartening to think of cherishing the strong attachments of human friendship, for there is so much to dash the cup with bitterness. It is only the pure friendship of Christian hearts, inspired and inspirited by the love of Jesus, that survives the changes of time, the darkness of death and the tomb, to be perfected for ever in the paradise above. The present chapter is indicative of a career of human life. It began with joy, it ends in sorrow. The love of nature and of friends fills the heart with gladness, but the dark shadows of the tomb cast their lengthening and deepening lines over the prospect, and we feel that human light and happiness are soon to suffer a total eclipse. The blessed hope of the glorious gospel alone dispels the thick-coming shades of death, and points us to the bright, unfading glories of the resurrection morn. Thither let us bend our eye ; let the mellow breaking of that morn attract our vision. "O'er the hills of darkness" and of death it beams upon us ; and it will spread and spread itself till "all those who love His appearing" shall exult in the enjoyment of eternal day.

The following is the letter referred to above :

"Natick, July 13, 1840.

"AFFLICTED FRIENDS,—Though I never have had the pleasure of seeing you, and, consequently, can claim no personal acquaintance with you, yet from my familiar and happy acquaintance with him who is now no more, and

from the connection, though distant, which, by nature, I sustain to you, I feel to mingle my tear of sympathy with yours of deep sorrow and lamentation. Permit me therefore to address you as one who would weep with those who weep. With Clark I began to form friendship while we were at school in Wilbraham. Often have we mingled, not only in our pleasing literary pursuits, but also in humble and profitable devotion before the throne of love. Nor will those scenes soon fade from the memory. Learning that we were slightly connected by nature's tie, our friendship increased, and our regard for each other's welfare became more special. Yes, we spent several terms at W. most pleasantly.

“The time of our departure to a higher institution arrived; and though the scenes in W. had been such as we should ever fondly cherish, yet we anticipated a successful and uninterrupted course through the Wesleyan University. Weeks, and months, and years rolled on. We were fast approaching the termination of our career, when lo! the hand of disease laid hold of the cord of life, and my dear youthful companion is cold in death! How mysterious are the ways of Providence! One week last Wednesday we were both in recitation together; in less than a week his eyes were closed to this earthly scene for ever! The Saturday evening before his departure I was with him. We conversed upon the subject of a preparation for death. He seemed to be

conscious that he was in a critical situation, and that it was doubtful whether he would long survive. We conversed and offered prayer. Kind Heaven seemed to smile. On sabbath morning I asked him if I should write to his friends; he replied, 'Not yet,' thinking he *might* be better, and also desirous of not producing too great anxiety in your minds. Well do I remember when I left his room that morning. Little did I think that it was the last time he would intelligently shake me by the hand. As I rose to leave the room I caught his anxious eye; I returned a corresponding look of sympathy, and silently offered a prayer to Him in whose hand was the life of my deeply-afflicted friend. I called for the purpose of seeing him on Sunday eve; but it was thought proper that no one should see him save those who were then attending upon him. I therefore did not see him until the following day toward evening. He then did not know me. I caught his wildly-gazing eye, and tried to have him recognise me, but in vain. O then he lay sinking into the embrace of death! I could not believe my own eyes. I cannot think that he is no more. But yet it is a fact. In the midst of life we are in the midst of death. The warning voice comes from every quarter, 'Be ye also ready.' But a day or two before this I received a letter from my father, informing me that one beneath our own roof had suddenly dropped away, and that on an appointed day it was desired that I should be at home. I was,

therefore, obliged to leave on the morning your dear son—your beloved brother—bade us adieu. Many of the students remained to follow his remains to the cemetery—the place rendered sacred by the ashes of a Hurd and Fisk. All who slumber there rest in hope, for they departed this life in peace and triumph.

“ Ere this, doubtless, you have heard of the circumstances of Clark’s sickness and death. There will, therefore, be no necessity for me to particularize. Let it be sufficient for me to say, that during the sabbath evening before he left us, he most earnestly prayed for himself until he gained the victory; then he pleaded for his parents, his sisters, and his brothers, that they might be able to bear the affliction, and be in readiness for their great and last change. In closing his prayer he commended himself to his Saviour, who was then precious. He was willing to die. He said, ‘The will of the Lord be done.’ Thus, my honoured friends, you have hope in his death. We are separated suddenly from one we loved, but with the hope of hailing him in ‘fairer worlds on high.’ Your loss is his infinite gain. He has gone to rest before us, in the bosom of his God. We the more deeply lament, because he was cut down in the midst of promising usefulness. Yet He who has done it is too wise to err. Heavily falls the afflicting hand; but, my friends, kiss that hand, expressive of your submission. As students, as class-mates, we drop o’er his early grave the tear of sorrow. Often shall we visit

that sacred spot, and learn lessons from his silent yet speaking dust.

“No one can support you in this hour of affliction but our blessed Saviour. O lean upon him—he will afford consolation; he can soothe the wounded heart. Clark has often told me of his sisters. I was happy to learn that all had found Jesus. He frequently urged me to write to some of you. I had thought of doing so, but little did I think of addressing you under so mournful circumstances. Will they accept these lines as a tribute of my sincere regard for him of whom they are bereft, and of my deep sympathy with you all? Yours in Christian feeling,

“ISAAC JENNISON, JR.”

CHAPTER X.

Returns to Middletown—Elected teacher at Wilbreham—Feelings on going—Evidence of divine acceptance—Labours of the sabbath—Letter to Messrs. Savage and Landon—Self-jealousy—Letter to Rev. F. Fisk—To Mrs. H. A. Train—To Miss M. P. C.—Last entry in his journal—Letter to Mr. Wm. Campbell—To Miss M. P. C.—To the same—To Mr. J. A. Savage—Obliged to leave on account of sickness.

At the close of vacation Mr. Jennison returned once more, and for the last time, to Middletown, to remain but for a season. His career was drawing to its close in a manner little anticipated. He lived nearly through

another collegiate year, but the principal part of it was spent in circumstances which led him to think less of earth than heaven—to prepare for his departure to more glorious connections and services above, rather than to pursue his earthly studies, and be fitted to enter upon the public relations and responsibilities of time. He had come and gone, alternating between the pleasures of home and the severer delights of study, with as much satisfaction and credit to himself, and honour to his associations, as may be expected of students, perhaps with more than students generally realize. He had gone on, acquiring valuable ideas, a large share of mental discipline, excellent traits of moral and religious character, and, by possessing these qualifications, was giving high promise of usefulness in some important station in society. He was a diligent student, thorough and accurate as far as his acquisitions extended, and he had a happy faculty of securing affection and respect by the force of a character and example which all would have esteemed it a privilege to exhibit. It remains for us to trace his footsteps a short distance further on the shores of time, before he embarks to explore the viewless ocean of eternity. After a few more changes and removes we shall witness him going the way whence he will not return. May our spirits be prepared to follow the record of the remaining trials of his earthly probation; and, at last, may we meet him where the fitful changes of life checker the scene no more, and

the fixedness of an eternal state is only another name for unchanging and unending bliss.

In his diary he writes:—

“August 8.—Arrived in this place (Middletown) on the afternoon of the 4th inst., having spent the vacation pleasantly. Many were the greetings of friends, and gratifying were our visits. How glad was I to hail again my kind and affectionate parents! They have the best wishes and most fervent prayers of their unworthy son. In looking upon the past, I am compelled to drop a tear of repentance and deep regret that I have been no more devoted to the cause of my Saviour. When shall I learn the happy art of living for God alone—living in view of the great design of human existence? Here I wish to wash away all my sins and inconsistencies in the atoning blood of Christ.

“16th.—This day have been much profited in hearing brother Carpenter, the presiding elder. O for holy love, and continual effort! I pray I may never be found idle, but be zealous for my God. Let my studying this year be with a single eye. I thank my Saviour for what I feel, and for the purposes I have. I wish to know no other will than that of my Saviour's. Bless me during the week, and keep me from departing from God.”

But about two weeks elapsed after his return before he was removed to an important sphere of labour, as one of the teachers in the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham. He had long

been favourably known to the officers of the school, and the people of the place, and his election to that post of responsibility is surely an exhibition of the high estimation in which he was held. He appeared to possess good qualifications for an instructor, in the accuracy of his knowledge, his aptness and delight in imparting instruction, and the facility with which he acquired control over the minds of those committed to his care. We have seen him successfully managing district schools which had been considered difficult to be governed; and he evidently possessed that union of dignity and mildness which won the confidence and esteem of young and old.

Somewhat in anticipation of the narrative, and yet, perhaps, as appropriate to this place as any other, I take pleasure in introducing to the reader the following brief tribute to his memory as a friend and teacher, from Mr. Isaac T. Goodnow, one of his fellow-teachers at Wilbraham, whom he regarded as one of his most intimate friends, and as a "*beloved brother*." It is an extract from a letter not written for publication, but this liberty will be forgiven.

"I am very glad that you have undertaken to prepare a memoir of that *dear departed brother*. His kind heart and unaffected piety procured for him a numerous circle of friends wherever he was known. While a teacher with us he was universally esteemed and respected by students and teachers. No man could have come in here and gained a higher

place in the regards of the people, during the short time that he was with us. He was a lovely young man ; I regarded him almost as I do my own brothers. But he has gone, and I can only think of his virtues, and endeavour to profit from his bright example."

We proceed to transcribe some passages from the diary and letters which contain Mr. Jennison's own account of his labours and religious experience while in connection with the academy. He writes :—

" Wilbraham, August 23.—How suddenly and unexpectedly am I in this place ! Brother Raymond, commissioned by the committee for hiring teachers, went down to Middletown on Friday last, and said he had come expressly to see me ; for what I could not imagine. By and by he, with Professor Johnston, came into my room, and did his errand. I must go with him to W., and engage in teaching ; he could not take a refusal. I was, after short reflection, induced to go and try it for one term. I knew that the labour and responsibility would be great. Early on Saturday morning I left M. and found myself here about 5 o'clock P. M., after a tedious and dusty day's ride. And on this holy day I have been blessed beneath the droppings of the sanctuary.

" On my arrival here I was greeted most cheerfully by old, cherished, and familiar friends. Had I been invited to any other place than Wilbraham I should not have been induced to go.

“29th.—One week has gone. I have been introduced to my duties. I have two large classes: one in arithmetic, of about seventy; another in grammar, of more than that number: I have also a class in intellectual philosophy; the rest of the six hours am with the boys. The work is arduous. I sometimes lie down with a weary body and a heavy heart. I hope and pray that I may be able to discharge my duties with fidelity and success. The religion of Jesus alone can enable me to do all things well.

“I should have said that I have felt that a kind Providence has brought me here. I may have erred in judgment as to my feelings, but this I know, after I decided to come I felt an exceedingly happy state of mind. I felt to bless every one, while I seemed to lie at the feet of Jesus, saying, ‘Thy will be done.’ Time only will tell whether my situation and relations here are according to the design of Providence. It matters not with me, if I can be doing the will of my Master.

“30th.—Have been with brother Raymond to Ludlow Bridge. Endeavoured to address the people; had not great freedom, but thank the Lord for any. Hope the labour will not be in vain in the Lord. Had an interesting season in the evening. Met with some old acquaintances of my father’s. They remember him with great fondness, though then they had not embraced the Saviour. They now love him, and have entered into rest. The labours of

another week are past, and I feel more congeniality with the work.

“Sept. 14.—Eight years ago this day I yielded to the powerful convictions of truth, resolved to forsake the follies of youth, and make an offended God my friend. Through the faithful prayers of a pious father, and his earnest solicitude for my soul on that occasion, I broke through the crowd of thousands, and fell to pleading for the pardon of my sins, and for peace with God. That period I shall never forget. ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.’ I thank my kind Redeemer that this evening ‘I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.’ Jesus is my all; I have nothing that is my own. I have no disposition to take back anything that I have dedicated to him. To do my Master’s will is the delight of my soul. I am sheltered in the rock which was cleft to take me in. Here I may abide while the glory of God passes before me. Thanks be to the Saviour that he ever condescended to take me into his embrace. But there is no end to the thanks and praises due to the dying Lamb.

“This day have been to the South Parish; addressed the people in the afternoon, though in much weakness. I thank the blessed Father for his assisting grace. To his name be all the glory! While Jesus stands out the object of attraction, admiration, and love, let me be concealed behind him. Came home, and attended meeting in the church this evening;

congregation large. Felt it my duty to arise, and give a brief account of my reception of the first and second blessing. The Lord blessed me in the act. I hope it will be blessed to the good of others.

“During the week have been blessed with prosperity in my daily duties. If Providence has led me here, he will bless me if I labour with a single eye. This is the purpose of my heart. At Jesus’s feet I sit, and receive instruction. He has promised to give wisdom, and upbraid not.

“22d.—Last Friday, P. M., went with brother T. Marcy, who came after me, to assist him in his station at South Hadley. Called on our friends at Chickapee, by the way, and tarried over night. Attended an interesting prayer meeting in the evening: many were forward for prayers; a good revival is in progress. Had a pleasant interview with my chosen friend C. May Heaven smile upon us in our friendship and progressive acquaintance!

“Brother M. and myself left for Hadley the following morning. I addressed the people in the evening, and on the sabbath. The Lord was with me, though weak in body. I hope and pray that the efforts may not be in vain. Brother M. preached in the evening.

“28th.—Yesterday went with brother Raymond to Three Rivers. Addressed the people in the morning—a heavenly season. Jesus feasted his saints that day. My soul was abundantly comforted. The whole matter I

endeavoured to commit to my Jesus, who does all things well."

To his class-mates, now the Rev. Messrs. Savage and Landon, he addressed the following letter, dated

"Wesleyan Academy, September 29, 1840.

"DEAR BROTHERS SAVAGE AND LANDON,—
After so long a period I have seized my pen for the purpose of fulfilling my promise. I have been delayed till the present by the urgency of other duties. I was exceedingly happy to hear from chum, to learn your appointments, &c ; but sorry to hear there was any discord among you. Why not possess peaceful bosoms? I do love to see 'brotherly love.' Hope the division will do themselves honour. I shall hear the echo.

"Brethren, I often think of you, and wish, on many accounts, I were with you. I have no reason to complain, however, as to my situation. I have agreeable society, and am engaged in pleasant and profitable exercises. True, with the sweet we have the bitter ; thus the cup of life is mingled. I need not here detail my labours, since you have probably heard of them by my letter to chum. At first many were my anxieties, and needless my fears, as it relates to my own success. I have been daily learning profitable lessons by actual experience. The days for the most part pass pleasantly by. I find that the secret of success is the possession of the inward, abiding evidence, that one is not

living to himself, but to the best interests of those with whom he is connected, and especially to the honour of his Maker. Always keeping in view, and realizing the high destiny for which we are created, induces self-respect, and invests us with a becoming dignity. Of what incalculable value is an approving conscience! How sweet to know that our Redeemer liveth!

“I am hardly sensible that nearly six weeks have elapsed since I left your pleasant society: but time hastes on speedy wing. In childhood we used to think it passed *slowly* along. How changed even now ‘life’s journey just begun!’ Our days will soon have passed like ‘a tale that is told.’ Brethren, should we be permitted to live many years to come, I think we shall often turn back, and live over again the scenes through which we have passed in the Wesleyan University.

“A word in regard to the school. Our number is about three hundred, young gentlemen and ladies of great promise. Several have of late become the subjects of converting grace; I know not how many, but this I can say, I often meet with the countenance beaming with celestial light. We are pleading that the cloud may still hang over us, and afford us a plentiful shower. Our brethren and sisters belonging to the school have been and now are much engaged in the glorious work of prayer and praise.

“To be employed in teaching seven hours

during the day is enough to weary almost any one. When evening comes, I feel but little spirit to enter upon close study. I shall therefore trouble myself but little with my studies until the present term shall close. I shall try hard to return at the close of the term. I think they will be willing I should go by that time. Were I through college, I should wish no better situation for a year or two. I know not what the future will unfold. I give myself up to the guidance of an all-wise Providence. As it relates to my spiritual enjoyment, since I have been here I have enjoyed some of my most happy hours. I have been exceedingly happy sometimes as I have come down at noon and evening from the academy to my room, and have fallen upon my knees to thank God for his goodness, and to implore his continued aid in the prosecution of my duties. Yes, amidst the busy scenes of life I have felt that

‘Calm on tumult’s wheel I sit
Midst busy multitudes alone.’

“What is equal to communion with the skies? Would we be pure, heavenly, and cheerful, we must hold, by faith, our connection with the immaculate Redeemer.

“I shall expect to hear from you soon. I hope these lines may find you in a state of temporal and spiritual prosperity. Please to tender my kindest regards to any of my class-mates who may inquire after me, as well as to others. Chum will receive my hearty thanks for his received on Saturday, while he shares in my

true, abiding affections. Permit me to subscribe myself yours, in double bonds,

“I. JENNISON, JR.”

Together with the arduous duties of the school during the week, Mr. Jennison preached every sabbath day while his health permitted. In this work he appeared to take peculiar delight, and had he been spared to preach the gospel, his qualities of mind and heart seemed calculated to fit him for extensive usefulness. With the jealousy which he exercised over his motives and feelings, and the confidence which he reposed in the Saviour's love and the Spirit's aid; with the interest which he manifested for the perishing souls of men, and the true love which he bore for the power of godliness, we must suppose that he would have been eminently qualified to honour the sacred office, and to win souls to Christ. But he answers a wiser and higher design in his exalted sphere above.

The extracts from his diary which immediately follow we present in continuation, though they might properly be interrupted by the introduction of letters. Being brief, however, and containing nothing that makes it important to present them separately, they will appear better in juxtaposition.

“Oct. 5.—On Saturday I left for Chickapee Falls, accompanied by brother Goodnow. Had a good visit with brother Moore, who was formerly my companion at school. Toward

evening we called on my particular friend C.; had a pleasant visit. After the slumbers of the night, one of the loveliest of sabbath mornings opened upon us, calling us to gratitude and praise. I was invited to supply the pulpit, brother W., the stationed preacher, being unwell. The Lord was with me according to his promise. To him be all the praise!

“11th.—The week has passed swiftly but agreeably away. I would be unfeignedly thankful for the prosperity which has attended me. This day have been to address the people at Three Rivers. Did not have so free and happy a season as I have had sometimes. The fault was in myself. I fear an improper spirit is creeping into my heart. It is my prayer that I may never think of myself more highly than I ought to think. O, my God, seal my mouth for ever, before I shall be suffered to preach or do anything alone for the approbation and praise of men! Yes, sooner let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than that I should betray my Lord. My God, if I am getting on improper ground, discover it to me, and call me back. Give me to feel,

‘A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.’

Never suffer me to slumber over the interests of undying souls. Ever let me feel the spirit of my calling. I commit all again to Jesus; he careth for me.

"18th.—'Tis the twilight of sabbath evening. Sacred hour! Appropriate season for meditation. This is the day of rest. Grateful would I be that I have visited the earthly sanctuary. Have felt to use the language of the Psalmist, 'How love I thy law!' How lovely is the temple of the Lord! I love to mingle in holy worship. Another week has swiftly gone. Let me be ever penitent for my sins, and grateful for mercies. My trust is in the atonement of Christ. Good class meeting last evening; led the class in the village."

The following characteristic letters will be read with interest, as the last which he wrote before relinquishing his labours in the school:—

TO HIS COUSIN REV. F. FISK.

"Wesleyan Academy, Oct. 7, 1840.

"DEAR COUSIN,—If it will be surprising to you to learn that I am connected with this institution as one of its teachers, it can be no more so than it is to me to find myself actually in this connection. I had very pleasantly entered upon the duties of my last year at Middletown, when, extremely unexpectedly to me, brother Raymond came and said that I must go; that he could take no denial. I consulted the faculty upon the subject, though brother R. had done this before he came to me. They did not wish me to leave, though they thought I could for one term, and then be able to graduate with my class. I am accordingly here, where formerly I passed many happy months and years.

Little did I think I should so soon spend months in this place of dear and cherished associations. These hills, and vales, and pleasant walks are all familiar. They exhibit but little change; but the company with whom I used to mingle, where are they? I see them not; I hail them but seldom. Blessed with memory and imagination, we can fondly live over the scenes of the past. With delight do I remember the hours which we have here together spent—the cheering rambles we have had.

“The responsibilities here are great. My labours are great, but I love them. I am employed seven hours during the day. Have four classes, occupying an hour each. Three hours are employed with the boys; there are but few of them, however, and they are disposed to do well; have no trouble in this department. My success has been better than I thought I had grounds to hope. Well, I know where to find its source. Jesus has been my constant friend and counsellor. To dwell at his feet is my constant joy. 'Tis my happy and consoling privilege, after returning from my duties at noon and evening, to fall upon my knees in my room alone, and thank kind Heaven for the grace afforded me in the prosecution of my duties, and for the happy, peaceful feelings which possess my bosom. To commit *all* to Christ, and say, ‘Not *my* will, but *thine*, be done,’ is the blood-bought and invaluable privilege of every one. Who does this truly can

but be happy, meet with success, and hold communion with the skies.

“For several weeks past the cloud of mercy has hung over this place, and its distillings have been like the dew. Nor has the cloud wholly passed away. The Christian has been refreshed, while the sinner has seen the error of his way, and bent his steps to the fountain of living waters. Pray for us.

“It does not seem that the eighth week of the term is fast expiring. How soon will the term be gone! I wish to return to M. at the close, but I am not now able to say whether I shall or not. I had thought they would be glad to get rid of me by the time I had been here one term; but they talk as though they could not spare me. The future will unfold the whole. I believe a wise Providence brought me here, therefore I would continue to submit myself to its unerring guidance.

“I hope these lines may find you and yours in health and prosperity. How happy should I be to spend an hour in your company! I know not when I may have the privilege, except you visit your father’s about thanksgiving time, when I hope to be at home, though my visit will be short.

“Permit me to subscribe myself, your affectionate cousin,
I. JENNISON, JR.”

To his cousin, Mrs. Hester Ann Train, of Natick, recently bereft of her husband, he writes the following letter of friendly sympathy:

“ *Wesleyan Academy, Oct. 11, 1840.*

“ DEAR AFFLICTED COUSIN,—Permit a friend of your childhood and youth to mingle his tears of tenderest sympathy with yours of the deepest sorrow, for he is aware of the tears you shed, being so soon bereft of the chosen companion of your early days. But a year or two since, how bright and promising your prospects for a long and happy life with your bosom friend! But now how changed! Clouds and storms gather over the future. You turn away and weep, and say, ‘How inconstant are the scenes of earth!’ ‘There is nothing true but *heaven*.’ I can imagine the pangs of separation—the tearful scene—when your dear companion looked for the *last* time upon the ones he loved; when he languidly closed his eyes in his *last long* sleep, and the last farewell was said. The heavings of that bereaved bosom, who can tell but the one who feels them! What a blessing that we are constituted beings of sympathy! Accept my falling tears; they tell that I feel for thee.

“ But, my friend, you weep not as those who have no hope. Your departed friend fell asleep in Jesus. ’Twas on *his* bosom he reclined his weary head, and breathed his ‘life out sweetly there.’ Though he has early left you, he has early gone to the Christian’s home. Happy thought! He is where there is no more sickness, pain, or death. Silently, indeed, does his emaciated form repose in the tomb, but rapturously does his free spirit join in the

anthems of the redeemed. Often may you visit, at pensive twilight's hour, the spot where rests his slumbering dust, and think of the scenes of your promising youth ; oft may you drop the gathering tear over the green grave, but 'twill be in hope. O the consolations of the Christian while passing through such trials as these ! Such scenes test our religion, and demonstrate to us and others its peculiar nature and excellence. It is religion that makes the grave the gate to endless joy. It is religion that can dry up the tear of the widow and the orphan, that can pour balm into wounded hearts.

“ When I saw your companion last, I thought I should see him at least once more ; but no. I remember how he appeared ; I remember what he said. His hope was in Christ. He feared not to meet his last foe, though he had a desire to live for the comfort of his beloved companion, and tender babe. Before his departure, however, I trust he was able to submit, in the full belief that the God who was taking him would be the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless. Did not his peaceful death say,

‘ Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well ?’

If so, we'll dry our tears, feeling the inspiring hope of hailing him in that brighter world.

“ This affliction is designed for your eternal good. Shall we murmur at the touches of a hand divine ? Never ; for ‘ he doeth all things well.’ This is a warning to all to be ready

also, for we know not the hour when our Lord will come.

“As to my health, it is usually good, though I am troubled a little with a cold. That I am unexpectedly in Wilbraham, you have learned before this. The days and weeks roll pleasantly but swiftly on. I intend to visit my parents beloved, and cherished friends in Natick, during our approaching vacation, about thanksgiving. Whether I shall remain here more than this term is yet undecided. Yours in the bonds of Christian sympathy,

“ISAAC JENNISON, JR.”

TO MISS M. P. C.

“*Wesleyan Academy, Oct. 20, 1840.*”

“BELOVED FRIEND,—With uncommon pleasure do I employ an hour of this passing evening in penning a line to one whom I have the happiness of esteeming to be more than an ordinary friend. Since I last shook your kindly hand, and said, ‘Good night,’ days have passed swiftly but pleasantly on. I have been busily, and, to myself, interestingly engaged in my daily duties. How happy one can be if he is but rightly and diligently employed! It is when our physical, intellectual, and moral faculties are in legitimate and harmonious action, that we feel we are meeting the end of our being.

“When one meets with a congenial friend, there is mutual happiness. Do life’s ills cause the tear of sorrow to flow? By that kindly friend the tear of sympathy is mingled. Does

the sun of prosperity shine, and occasion cheerful and grateful smiles? That faithful one is welcomed near to participate in the hallowed joy. What wisdom and goodness are exhibited by our Creator in constituting us susceptible of such sympathies! Surely, ought we not to praise him? Your grateful heart responds, We ought. Do *we* fall at a Saviour's feet, adore him for his wisely overruling Providence, and bless the days of our happy (I trust) but as yet slight acquaintance? Can we there often meet, and mutually implore (with the purest motives) the blessings of kind Heaven upon our further acquaintance? If I cannot do this, I cannot enjoy my Saviour's smile. I must sooner lose all other smiles than his. I never can, I never ought to engage in anything on which I cannot implore his blessing.

"O, 'tis delightful (is it not?) to bow, morning, noon, and evening, at the blessed Saviour's feet, and catch but a glimpse of his benignant countenance! How sweet to know that all is well! We need not ascend on high, nor descend into the deep to find him, for he is near to bless. Who succeeds better than he who, at the day's earliest hour, supplicates a blessing upon the labour of his hands, or the efforts of his mind? Calmly committing all into the hands of that Being too wise to err, and too regardful to permit the good to labour in vain, he goes into the active duties of life with composure and success, and diffuses through the community a delightful and salutary influence.

Some say, this is a vale of tears. True, we weep at others woes and follies, and deeply lament our own. But this need not be. Millions of tears might cease to flow, if but the proud and rebellious heart of man would submit to the Saviour's reign. It is only when he reigns in the heart that the passions hold a pleasing sway. When the inner world is thus rectified, there is a beautiful correspondence between it and the world external. On every natural object there is seen the impress of a hand divine.

"Permit me, in closing, to subscribe myself,
yours most affectionately,

"ISAAC JENNISON, JR."

The pious, spiritual, and delightful exercises of soul described in the following paragraphs, seem peculiarly interesting from the fact that they are the last entry in his journal. He had taken, as he supposed, a slight cold, alluded to in one of the letters just read, and had, it is to be feared, too much neglected it at the outset. It increased, notwithstanding his subsequent efforts to throw it off, and confined him to his room. After the extract referred to we shall present our readers with a letter to his friend and class-mate, Mr. William Campbell, 2d, now residing in Lynn, Mass., which develops more fully his views and feelings at the time which we are contemplating. Three other letters will close this chapter.

"Monday morning, Oct. 26.—During the

week have been troubled with a bad cough. Yesterday I was very hoarse. I am told to be careful lest some disease should settle on my lungs. Well, I will be grateful that I am no worse, and will use means for restoration. Yesterday was a blessed day to my soul. 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!' Truly, if such be the enjoyment in these earthly courts, the delight in that sanctuary will exceed our highest and boldest conceptions. Why do I thus write? No language can express that joy, 'neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'

"I feel that I have laid all upon the altar. If I am not deceived, I feel constant peace and comfort within. I trust I am able not only to repeat the sentiment, but to feel the truth of it; I am not my own, but am bought with a price, therefore should I glorify God in my body and spirit, which are his.

"As to temporal matters, I would be grateful for the degree of prosperity which attends me. My success in this new relation has been greater than I had grounds to anticipate, so far as it regards ability and confidence in myself. I consider the secret of my success to be the providence and grace of my God. I love to fall upon my knees in my little room when none but an omniscient eye beholds me, and unbosom my heart to my heavenly Father, and hold direct communion through my ever-living Advocate. I am often blessed, though so unworthy.

I am a child on whom have been conferred many mercies, for which I have rendered no due gratitude. Heaven, still bear with me."

LETTER TO MR. WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

" Wesleyan Academy, Oct. 29, 1840.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Most joyful was I on opening a letter, to find myself addressed by my well-trying and cherished friend Campbell. Yes, dear brother, suddenly and unexpectedly were we separated, but I humbly trust it was by none other than the unerring hand of a wise Providence. In all my hurrying to leave M., (though I had so much to induce me to stay,) I felt exceedingly happy in my mind, and somehow thought it was an opening of Providence. Great, I knew, were the responsibilities I was about to assume, yet I felt a kind of confidence that I should be sustained, and so it has proved thus far. God has been better to me than all my fears. He has given me both temporal and spiritual prosperity. To him be all the glory! What are we but bruised reeds? 'Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.' We have no right, therefore, to use ourselves or anything pertaining to us, except in the service of the Most High. May I always feel the force of the above passage! Upon the fact contained therein let the principle be founded—to make the service of God the first, last, and uppermost object of life—and we shall find but little difficulty, comparatively, in making our way through this wilderness world.

“ Dear brother, though we are separated in person, I trust we are joined in spirit to our *living Head*. As our blessed Jesus was with us oftentimes in our conversation when rambling amid the scenes of nature, so he has been, and will be with us still in our walks, though great distance may separate us. How often have we found our respective rooms bethels to our souls! Nos. 24 and 40, doubtless, will long be remembered as the places of many a struggle and glorious victory. While you, for the weeks that have recently passed, have been fighting and conquering, pulling down and building up, as it relates to your own soul, I trust my room can bear witness to some pleadings of mine for the prosperity of *my* soul, and of the Zion of God.

“ So short sighted and weak are we that we often err, and come short of the glory of God, and therefore we should often be found weeping over our follies, seeking for that wisdom that cometh down from heaven. ‘ If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father.’ But because of this, may we never take liberty to sin! Yes, dear brother, we need every moment the application of the Saviour’s blood. The fountain is full; the Spirit is ready to apply it. Let us exercise living, relying, constant faith, and all will be well. We shall then feel safe on the *vast atonement*. Blessed atonement! What *love* in the Saviour to make it! It is all for you and me, and a fallen, dying world. Only think, he made it as much and as ex-

pressly for me as though there had been no other human being in the universe. Only think, each faint, good emotion or desire has cost no less a price than the Saviour's blood. Since *he* has thus *first* loved us, let us so love him as to be able to say with the apostle, 'Who shall separate us from the *love* of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?' *Glorious* RELIGION, it is everything to me; it smoothes life's rough way; is company in solitude; a passport, the surest and best, through all grades of society; the well of water springing up into everlasting life: it connects the soul with the skies; assures us of a future blissful home; and prepares us for the society of Jesus and angels. The half I cannot tell you, nor need I; for you know more of it than my humble self. I will endeavour to follow and to know more of Christ, and prepare to tell the story with you in yon fairer world.

"I have just space to tell you that I have been confined to my room since Tuesday morning, being so hoarse with a cold as to be unable to attend to my duties. Am getting better; hope to be out on Monday. Had I not taken a great sweat, should probably have had a fever. Heaven has smiled, and I am fast on the recovery. Yours most affectionately,

"I. JENNISON, JR."

TO MISS M. P. C.

“ Wesleyan Academy, Nov. 7, 1840.

“DEAR FRIEND M.,—I trust ere this you have received the paper I sent you on the 3d inst., containing notice of my illness, and stating that I hoped to be able soon either to see or write you. I had sanguinely hoped to have left my room long before this, and to have been about my regular duties; but a wise Providence has ordered otherwise. I would be truly grateful that I am so comfortably on the recovery as I am, though I am not yet permitted to leave my room. I thought, at least, I should have been able to ride out yesterday or to-day, and, perhaps, to venture as far as Springfield; but no, here I am able only feebly and dispiritedly to scribble these lines.

“For some time a cold had been gathering and settling on my lungs. I suffered myself to use them too long after they began to be affected, in consequence of which great hoarseness ensued, so that, at last, I was obliged reluctantly to yield and keep my room. I was threatened with the lung fever; this was thrown off by a powerful sweat, which produced great weakness. I thought I was gaining fast, until last Saturday in the afternoon I was prostrated again, and threatened with the same fever. Brother Goodnow came into my room and saw how I was, and said I must be immediately moved to his house. I took another sweat on the evening of my removal, which probably

saved me from a run of the fever. I have been slowly gathering strength, though my hoarseness seems reluctantly to leave me. I am cautioned not to venture too soon lest I should have a relapse. Patience must have its perfect work.

“Afflictions are brought upon us in two ways; by the direct hand of Providence, and by our own voluntary course of wrong action. The former are designed for our good, and therefore should be submissively and even cheerfully endured: the latter (though rightfully we suffer) a kind Providence will overrule for our good, if, sensible of their cause, we foster in our bosom the spirit of repentance, and purpose to become acquainted with, as far as possible, and obedient to, the laws of our being. Many think that all our pains and ills are brought upon us by the ordering of God. True, in one sense they are, but in another they are not. Our Creator has established laws suited to the several departments of our nature, physical, mental, and moral; and so far he orders events, namely: he has ordained that obedience to these respective laws shall result in our prosperity and happiness; but that disobedience shall eventuate in afflictions, and even more than simple affliction—in punishment eternal. But I did not purpose (were I able) to write an essay on this subject. How often the little ills and woes of life are charged upon the Deity, when the direct agency of man has brought them on! When will the eyes of men be

opened to the true relations of things? When the hand of the Almighty is upon me, I would cheerfully submit, and say, 'Not *my* will, but *thine*, be done.' With heavenly delight I have reposed upon the atonement. How sweet to fall at His feet, and gaze upon his loveliness! When the storm is beating past, how great the privilege to take shelter in the Rock cleft to take us in! There we may remain secure, and smile at the tempest.

'Much, beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of *faithful friend*, fairest when seen
In *darkest* day.'

"When away from home, deprived of health and of the watch-care and unwearied attention of a devoted mother, and thrown upon the care and regard of others, 'tis then we can test our professed friends. *That one only* is the *faithful friend* whose face fairest shines in darkest day. I am happy to find such to be the friend (together with his beloved companion and sister) under whose hospitable roof I am sheltered. Every want is met; all kindness and attention are shown. I shall bless them for ever.

"Your epistle opened very appropriately to my case. I felt that though tossed upon life's ocean by adverse winds, God was mine, who could and soon would say, 'Peace, be still.' Yes, swiftly are we being borne to our final resting place. I hope you will indulge no unnecessary anxiety, for 'all is well.' Probably

before this reaches you I shall be engaged in my duties. I am told, however, that it will not do for me to enter the school again this term, but I think otherwise. I will not dictate, however—‘not my will.’

“Though separated in person, we can continue to meet at the same throne, and pour out our grateful offerings to the same kind Redeemer. O I feel as though I could do nothing out of him! I think such are the feelings of my heart. If they are not, I pray that I may know it. Jesus is mine. I need not say, Remember me in your pleadings at the throne. Yours affectionately,
“I. JENNISON, JR.”

TO THE SAME.

“Wesleyan Academy, November 11, 1840.

“DEAR FRIEND M.,—Do not be surprised that I so soon address you. Disappointments are the lot of man. Our fondest hopes and highest expectations are often cut off. Afflictions are frequently directed to the working of patience and submission. I have, alas! vainly thought and hoped I should be able to attend to my duties at the academy again this term. Though my strength is almost regained, yet the difficulty at my lungs does not seem to leave me. I have suffered myself to be too solicitous, perhaps, with regard to my circumstances here, and the plans of the future. I find there is no other way than to give up all anxiety, and submit completely.

“Some days since a friend of mine sent

word to my parents, informing them of my illness. They immediately returned answer, charging me to write soon if my health was not improving; but if it was, not to venture too soon, but, as soon as it should be thought prudent, to come home. Now, my dear friend, you see how it is. Should I remain until the close of the term it is probable I should be but little better than I am now, though I might most sanguinely hope to be. Since it is so earnestly requested by my parents, and prudently advised by my friends here, I have concluded (if the weather will admit) to take the cars on Monday for my home.

“I have thought I should remain at my father’s till next March, (should Providence spare my life,) and then return to Middletown, and finish my course, so as to graduate at the next commencement. By remaining at home, and not using my lungs for this length of time, it is thought they will be perfectly restored. If I am careful now at the coming on of winter I shall escape any serious affection of them. You therefore see that I shall not, probably, return to this place with the intention of teaching. Were I permitted, I should certainly visit you before I leave on Monday. I wish very much to see you. If you do not conclude to come here, I shall expect to hear from you soon after my arrival at home. Hope has not yet plumed her wings and fled. I feel confident Heaven will yet restore to me sound health, and permit me longer to live, (I

hope and humbly pray) to bless the world. My work is not yet accomplished. My heart burns while I view the vast field, and meditate upon the value of souls, and the boundless love of the Saviour. As I expressed the sentiment in my last I think, so permit me to repeat it: we can meet at the same heavenly shrine; there we can consecrate body, soul, and spirit, and feel that we are not our own, but are bought with a *price*. We may be deprived of the privilege of frequently seeing each other, but we are blessed in being able to wrap our thoughts in paper, and send them like little winged messengers. We may often send them, and trust they will not weary.

“I have written the above with some difficulty, and now subscribe myself, as ever, yours most affectionately,

“I. JENNISON, JR.”

TO REV. ISAAC A. SAVAGE.

“*Wesleyan Academy, Nov. 13, 1840.*

“DEAR BROTHER SAVAGE,—Yes, for yours I had been impatiently waiting, and had about concluded my name was forgotten. Well, I felt it hardly worth your cherishing. Happy was I, however, gently to unseal a line from you, peruse its humorous contents, and notice the peculiarities of its author.

“Yours found me slowly convalescent. To-day I have ventured from my room to the nearest neighbour’s. The difficulty is on my lungs—a great hoarseness—it is with some difficulty

that I speak aloud, though I am fast improving in this respect. I am informed it will hardly be prudent for me to use them much for some time. I have therefore concluded to leave for home next Monday, (Providence permitting,) and there remain until the commencement of the next term at Middletown, when I hope to be able to return, and associate again with my old friends and class-mates. Thus you see how frequently I am led to change my situation, seeming to have no permanent, abiding place. I could have asked, on the whole, for no more agreeable situation. I had become initiated into the work of teaching; my classes, though large, were pleasant, and progressing finely, when, grievously to me, I was obliged to relinquish the idea of returning to them again during the present term. The interesting months, however, of my connection with the school; the happy and agreeable acquaintances I have formed with those who have come within the little circle of my movements; in a word, the scenes of my short residence here will not soon be forgotten. But I am called to leave them for another to enjoy.

“If you will call down and see me at Natick, I promise you shall not find the cold snow-bank for your bed, but such fare as we have you shall share with me. It is my purpose now to take to the comfortable chamber into which you were introduced while at our house, and make it my place of rest and labour during the two or three months to come. I am

now behind the class, though I might have been nearly with you, had I been well. I must do what I can in overtaking you, and in bringing up the rear on the score of reading. I am thankful it is as well with me as it is. I hope soon to be perfectly restored. Will you still remember me, though unworthy your regard?

“In all our afflictions we may learn important and useful lessons. These are designed for our good. But few of them are sent through the direct agency of the Deity. The most of them may be traced to some wrong voluntary act of our own. We should, therefore, cherish a spirit of repentance, and resolve faithfully to follow an upright and consistent course. In all my affliction, I think I have been able to say, ‘Not my will, but thine, be done.’ If religion is beyond all price to an individual when in health and prosperity, what shall we say of it in the hour of sickness and adversity? O, ’tis the best boon of Heaven! It is our consolation in life, our support in death, and it will be the cause of eternal praises in yon better world. How is it with you spiritually, my brother? If we sacrifice all else, let us never betray our trust. But I am somewhat weary. Permit me to subscribe myself, yours in the bonds of Christian affection,

I. JENNISON, JR.”

So suddenly and unexpectedly do mortal joys and sorrows come and go! How mysterious are the ways of Providence! To all human appearance, had our brother remained at

Middletown he would have escaped the sickness which resulted in his dissolution. A few short weeks at the post supposed to have been assigned him by Providence, and he is prostrated by disease, and compelled to relinquish his important and delightful duties. The path which he took led ultimately to the tomb. The sweet spirit of resignation which he manifested, however, shows that he had been ripening for the event. No circumstance could take him by surprise. He was prepared for all that God had prepared for him. He had long enjoyed peace with God, and an interest in heaven. Thither he was looking for the consummation of his felicity.

“ His hand the good man fastens in the skies,
And bids earth rool, nor feels her idle whirl.”

True, Mr. Jennison did not, at this period, apprehend fatal consequences, but fondly and strongly anticipated restoration to health and to his college studies. But his illness deranged many of his plans, and threw him sensibly into the hands of God's providence. There he rejoiced to be, and we shall find, by the remaining portions of his history, that he knew whom he had believed, and that he cheerfully took the cup mingled and prepared by his heavenly Father.

CHAPTER XI.

Arrival home—Sickness increases—Removed to Boston—Letter to his parents—To Miss M. P. C.—Return to Natick—Letter to Mr. J. Williams, Jr.—To Mr. I. T. Goodnow—Sayings recorded by Mr. B. F. Nutting—Letter to his uncle—To his classmates—Sayings recorded by Miss M. P. C.—His last words—His death—Obsequies—Conclusion.

MR. JENNISON, according to his design, and accompanied by his friend, G. W. Stearns, took the cars on Monday, Nov. 16, for his home, which he reached in much weakness and weariness. He was able, however, to keep about the house and to take tea with the family after his arrival. His father, who was absent when he arrived, returned while the family were at the tea-table, and noticed the evident alteration in his son's appearance. Isaac rose to greet his father, but could not articulate a single syllable aloud, and it was with much attention that he could be heard even in a whisper. The next morning, as the air was clear, and the scenery of his home seemed inviting, he took a walk with his companion about sixty rods from the house; but he returned completely chilled, and shaking with the cold, and was visited in the afternoon with a very high fever, accompanied by the pleurisy. The fever produced great inflammation of the lungs, and reduced his strength exceedingly. Skilful physicians were employed, but they afforded him only temporary

relief. The disease assumed the form of pulmonary consumption, and thus, controlling the citadel of life, threatened ere long to reduce his athletic frame to the dominion of the tomb.

Desirous to make every effort to prolong his days, both himself and parents concluded that it was best for him to try the effect of the steam-bath and of the botanic remedies, and he was accordingly removed to an infirmary in Boston. For some days he realized considerable improvement in flesh and strength, though he did not flatter himself with much hope of recovery. The last course of medicine, however, seemed too exhausting to his debilitated system, and he returned home with still greater assurance that his days were soon to be ended.

We make the following brief extracts from letters which he wrote while in Boston to his parents, and to his friend, Miss M. P. C. They indicate the state of his health, and of his religious enjoyment.

“ Boston, Jan. 15, 1841.

“ DEAR PARENTS,—I suppose you are waiting with much anxiety to hear of the state of my health. Father has knowledge of it up to about noon of Monday. Toward night I felt much better than during the former part of the day—had a comfortable night’s rest. On Tuesday felt equally as well, so that the doctor sent me out on a walk. Just as I reached the outside door, I was met by Mrs. and Miss C., whom I

immediately invited to accompany me. We travelled toward the church where I attended worship during the forenoon of the sabbath. On inquiry, found myself but a short distance from brother E. Thompson's, and concluded to proceed to his house, where I astonished them by my presence, while I hardly believed I had accomplished the walk with so little fatigue. The best of attention was paid me. We all remained and took dinner. After a short time the ladies went out to visit other friends. I remained till toward night, and rode back. Think I took no cold, but on the whole concluded I was benefited.

"Yesterday took my second course. There is now no stricture across the upper part of my breast. I feel greater freedom in breathing than after taking the first course, which you must readily infer. After the course yesterday, I went immediately down stairs, and with more strength in my knees than at any time previous. Had a good night's rest, and feel better now than I have ever felt since I have been here. Have a great many friends in to see me, expressing their astonishment to find me so much better.

"My resting place, with regard to the result of my case and course, is the same as it has been—the bosom of my Saviour. I feel yet to say, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.' I have some precious seasons of communion with that Saviour. Here I could expand, but I forbear.

Yours,
I. JENNISON, JR."

" Boston, Jan. 26, 1841.

" DEAR FRIEND,—I have at length taken my pen to address you. I wish I were more able to handle it than I am. From the time you left I continued gaining flesh and strength until the latter part of last week. Since last Saturday the contrary has been my lot. It is thought another ulcer must have broken about that time. My third course, last Friday, left me in rather a weak state. We will wait patiently, and see what is the will of the Lord, for he doeth all things well. 'Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.' I wish to sink completely into the will of God, then shall I be prepared for whatever events await me. For this I pray; for this, dear friend, lift up your most fervent petitions. Earth with all its show is mutable and fading. This fact teaches us to build our hopes on that foundation which is immutable. Let Jesus be our rock, and heaven our future home. How precious the promises in that 'powerful book!' The Saviour will be with us in six troubles, and will not forsake us in the seventh.

"Pardon the brevity of this. I would continue longer, but my eyes are weak, and my head aches considerably. I will, Providence permitting, write you again soon, but I shall hope to hear from you first. Yours most affectionately,
I. JENNISON, JR."

After his return to Natick another system of medical treatment was resorted to, but with a

result similar to the preceding, and all hope of delaying the calamity too fast approaching was finally abandoned. He was able to employ his pen but seldom on account of weakness, but he wrote some letters, and conversed freely and frequently. Enough of his own sentiments and sayings will be presented in this chapter to show the character of his religious experience during these days of outward darkness and trial, and to show in what spirit and manner he met the last enemy, and triumphed. To some of his friends he wrote in the month of February, when he expected his words to them were among his last farewells. To his early correspondent, Mr. J. Williams, Jr., he wrote as follows :—

“ *Natick, Feb. 23, 1841.*

“ DEAR BROTHER WILLIAMS,—I take the liberty to address you once more, and probably for the *last* time !

“ Since the 22d of October I have been confined to my room by sickness. * * * * I cannot give you an account of my entire illness for want of strength. I thought I would drop you a line while I was able to do it. Some days I am better than at others, and sometimes my friends think I may yet get well. But I have only to say, and I trust truly, ‘ Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.’ I feel resigned. If I am not permitted to do his will, I trust, by grace, I may be able to suffer it, and thus glorify him more. Earth has but few, ah ! no

attractions for me ; heaven appears gloriously to the eye of faith, and I have often submissively longed to be there. But I must close, as my degree of strength is not great, not however without expressing the hope that I may meet you in that better world, nor without uttering my *last farewell* ! Yours in Christ,

“ I. JENNISON, JR.”

After a season of great debility and exhaustion he revived considerably, and, in this period of relief and freedom from pain, he wrote to Mr. I. T. Goodnow the following letter, which gives fuller details of his religious feelings and exercises :—

“ *Natick, March 3, 1841.*

“ DEAR BROTHER GOODNOW,—I have at length taken my pen to address one whom I have long highly esteemed and loved. I told you, in a note presented you by brother Perry, that I must write you soon or never, so fast did I seem to fail. At the time brother P. was here, I was passing through one of my poorest turns of weakness and pain. Had this pain and weakness increased much, I should soon have gone down into the ‘valley.’ But Heaven seemed to smile, so that soon after he left me my pain began to subside, and strength to return. I am now able to say that I am more comfortable. Within a week my voice has become more natural, and my cough less deep and hollow. I generally rest well during the night, but cough considerably toward morning.

To speak in general terms, I have some good and some bad symptoms.

“March 4.—From what I have said let not your hopes be too high that I shall recover. Certainly nothing is impossible with God. This disease, you know, is a flattering one. While others have said it, I have thought much of it, that my sickness is most strange and mysterious. It appears sometimes as though I should immediately say, ‘Vain world, adieu;’ but at others (as now) that I should speedily recover, though, at the same time, it seems impossible except by direct miracle.

“Dear brother, I trust I am able to say with the Psalmist, ‘It is good for me that I have been afflicted.’ Praised be the name of the Lord, his goodness and mercy endure for ever. When I am not visited with inexpressible joy, (as often I am, when in the greatest pain and distress,) I think I do not mistake when I say, peace possesses my soul. I see no terror in death, nor gloom about the grave, for

‘There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.’

The ‘valley!’ who should fear to walk there when Jesus is near, pointing to the gleaming light of that better land,

‘Where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt and feared no more’—

the land whither the blessed have gone. Their wearing toils are ended, but eternal are their anthems to God and the Lamb. Sometimes it seems that the curtain is lifted, and I am per-

mitted to mingle for awhile with the redeemed and angelic hosts in their faithful and triumphant song. They cease not, but louder swell their notes as the mysteries of the works and redeeming grace of God unfold. 'O, who would live alway, where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.' Let the poor body, wasting by disease, slumber awhile in the silent grave, 'twill by and by be etherealized, and united with its blissful companion in eternal glory. Blessed scripture this, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' How blessed are the promises! O, Jesus is all in all! I wish I could begin to utter the preciousness of the Lamb. Language fails while yet it is said, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' Who would fail to be a Christian? No one wishes to fail of heaven, and yet how negligent we live who have immortal souls to save.

"O that I had a trumpet voice, gladly in the name of the Most High would I proclaim, 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.' Standing on the highest mount, with the assembled world before me, how should I rejoice to point them to 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world;' to lift the thin veil and show them heaven; and, for a moment, to unveil the awful abyss from which 'the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever!' You may think me somewhat extravagant in my expressions, yet, believe me, my soul has

become quite too large for its earthly dwelling-place, while reflecting on the subject of man's salvation. Had I a thousand tongues, and as many pens employed in praising my Redeemer for his goodness to even me, it would fail infinitely to meet his due.

"But I must close, for the soft mantle of the evening is gathering about me. You can judge by my writing that my hand is trembling, though it may have pressed heavily. I need not particularize, but I wish an affectionate remembrance of myself to all who account themselves my friends. To some, in my weakness, I concluded I was writing my last communication, and, therefore, at the close, gave them my *last* farewell; but, as I am at present, I will not pronounce it to you, though I know not but I may very suddenly fly away.

"I. JENNISON, JR."

In March and April, Mr. B. F. Nutting, of Boston, visited Mr. Jennison, for the purpose of painting his portrait. While engaged in this work he had frequent opportunities of conversing with him, and of hearing his remarks to others. Many of his sayings he recorded for the gratification of the family. We are permitted to transcribe this record, which will show an elevated and delightful state of Christian faith and hope in view of the near approach of death; for at this time he was supposed to be on the margin of the spirit world, about stepping over the narrow stream that divides

“This heavenly land from ours.”

“During Tuesday, April 6th,” says Mr. Nutting, “he seemed to be meditating much, and said some things which indicated a rising of feeling in view of approaching death. In the evening it was thought that he was dying. He had been removed from his bed to a cot that was in the room, for the purpose of having his bed made. After his removal, he was for a time exercised with much pain, and could not be taken to his bed; but after awhile the pain appeared to subside, and he called his father to him, saying that he should like to talk while he had strength. He commenced with giving some directions respecting his portrait, which had just been completed, and some things in his room at Middletown, and added something respecting his coffin plate, which I could not understand. He then ceased for a short time, and hearing the weeping of his afflicted friends around him, he repeated the verse,—

‘Why do ye mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death’s alarms?
’Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.’

And, after a pause, he added,

‘Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress’d in living green.’

“After this he said, ‘You will enjoy the beautiful spring, and will be engaged in the things of time, but the spring will be short, and the summer will be short;’ and then spoke of

his own glorified condition in the enjoyment of an unfading spring. About this time his father alluded to his little brother, who died some years since, and he remarked, 'By this time he is quite a cherub.' After awhile he said, 'Jesus is good, but he has not quite come.' 'I thought, to-day, that I saw, at a distance, a pleasant mountain, on the top of which was a chariot, with angels mingling around it; it seemed to be waiting to take some one to heaven, as Elijah was taken up.' 'How charming the Saviour is—he is all love!' 'I never dropped a tear, or felt a regret that I forsook the world, and gave myself to his service.' After speaking for a time upon the heavenly theme that filled his mind, and seeming to find difficulty of utterance, he said, 'My soul swells so I cannot speak—swells with emotion.'

"After having been silent for awhile, he commenced a strain of discourse which continued, with some intervals, for perhaps twenty minutes. He expressed his love to his parents who had protected and sustained him, and to his brothers and sisters; those of them that were not pious he exhorted in a soul-touching manner in reference to their eternal interests. 'You are gay,' said he, 'and giddy like others, but you have *felt*, you have been the subjects of religious impression. O that it might be *permanent*!' To one, to whom he had been united in the ties of sacred friendship, he said, 'Put your trust in Jesus, serve him, be faithful to him, and there will be no difficulty: you

will look into the grave without fear.' 'Glory,' he exclaimed, 'he did not die in vain—his promises are not in vain.' 'He knows how to come, and how to appear to me, and when.' 'Jesus is worthy, but I am unworthy. He followed me when a child; nor did he leave me when I continued to rebel against him. O how sweet the place where the burden fell off!' He then alluded to his feelings while under conviction of sin, and to his deliverance, and continued, 'Nor did he forsake me then—he has continued with me.' 'Jesus is all—his is all the glory.' 'If I had done all my duty from the beginning to the close of my life, I must still have said, *I am an unprofitable servant.*' Alluding to the imperfections of his service, he expressed his trust in the Saviour, and quoted the passage, 'We have not a high priest,' &c.: and went on, 'Blessed Jesus, I love thee—I love thee.' He spoke of his body, its infirmities and pains, its deposit in the grave, the pines* moaning over it, the visits of his friends to the place, the glorious resurrection, and then broke forth into beautiful and enraptured expressions respecting heaven, and the expansion of the emancipated soul, and exclaimed, 'O, my God, where shall I end? O, there is no end in telling of the wonders of thy love!' 'We shall know each other, we shall recount the scenes of this life, and shall not wonder at the providence which has been exercised over

* The burial ground in Natick is adjoining a grove of pines.

us, but shall see its wisdom, and its love.' 'O, my God, if I could stand upon the pinnacle of the world, I would proclaim to men what thou hast done to save them. Had I a trumpet voice, I'd tell them of thy love; but my Saviour does not permit me to linger upon earth.' 'O, religion! O that youth felt its value—how it would adorn them—it would throw a beautiful halo around their path—it would prepare them for every station and for every grade of society—it would enable them to pass with propriety through every walk of life.' This strain he prolonged, giving a beautiful description of the influence of religion in all circumstances in life, and proceeded, 'O the youth! the youth! I wish the youth with whom I have been acquainted could see its necessity.' 'Early piety, how important!' After a short time he said, 'I'm almost down to the river's edge—the cold, dark flood rolls on, but it does not disturb me, for Jesus is with me—we shall both plunge together, and he will bear me up.' And again, 'Memory will live—thought will live—yes, immortal, expansive, eternal. * * * Glorious change! glorious change!'

"After some time he spoke as follows: *
'By and by you will come into the room and look around—you will look upon the bed, and upon this thing and that, * * * but it will after a time be an old matter. Silence will reign, while with careful step touching the surface

* His language is retained as nearly *as possible*; but he said much more than could be recorded.

beneath you, you visit the place where my body will be deposited. You will look upon the work which brother N. has been doing, and try to think how I looked. Your voice will be hushed, then perhaps you will heave a sigh, and your heart will be sad; and so it will be for a time. But when you do all this, say, *To live is Christ—to die is gain. It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the gain of the Christian.* The greatest Christians have, with their improved and expanded powers, endeavoured to estimate the glorious reward of the righteous, but when they have expatiated upon the theme with rapt delight, its infinity has caused them to come back, and say in the words which I have repeated, *It hath not entered into the heart of man.* If our little minds confined by mortality can thus expand, what will be the capability and magnanimity of the soul when liberated from this corruptible body, and clothed with immortality! Angel minds cannot comprehend, none but the mind that created it can comprehend, the reward of the righteous. O, let us endeavour to catch a view of this glorious reward! O, what has he done! Was ever pain—love like his? Behold him in the garden.’ He then went on to describe the scene in the garden, when the stars looked down upon the spectacle—the Son of God suffering for man;—the Saviour’s expression of innocence and anguish; his last hours upon the cross, repeating the line, ‘He dies—the friend of sinners dies;’ his sleep in the grave; his

glorious resurrection on the third morning ; and then said, ‘ He has lain in the grave, why should his followers fear ? there he has lain that the Christian may take courage.’

“ He then alluded to the contrast which the case of the infidel presented, and after a short pause, in which it appears the condition of a near relative was deeply affecting his feelings, he said, ‘ I wish uncle A. was here. He must know that there is something beyond the tomb. Tell him that he would not fear to go to the chamber of sickness, if something did not suggest that all is not well with him. He may try to persuade himself that there is no occasion for fear, but there *is* trouble. Tell him, if I see him not, that a time is coming when, instead of his smiles and his jeers, solemnity will fill his soul—that his business, by which he is now so absorbed, will be a vain trifle in his view. Tell him there is a judgment day—I shall see him then. I hope you will tell him that I hope he will become a follower of Christ. Tell him of the awful doom of the impenitent, and then paint to him the glories of the righteous.’ He spoke of the great multitude who had gone in the broad way, of their resurrection, and of the resurrection and appearance of the righteous ; and after a pause he said, ‘ O, well, tell him this—O dear, who can bear the thought—a friend so near, so dear, so kind, and yet going on in a way that is leading him to an awful death.’

“ Wednesday.—He was asked if he thought

that we should remember in the heavenly world the events of this. 'Yes, because memory is a part of the soul, because thought is imperishable ; but the remembrance will not trouble us, for our sins will be pardoned, and God will be our friend.' The case of the backslider then came into his thoughts, and he alluded pathetically to the recollections which must harrow his soul during this eternal season of retrospection. 'He knew, he knew the Saviour, but had trampled him under his feet.'

"Afternoon.—'I would be there, but Jesus does not come yet ; but he'll come soon with his chariot and accompanying angels. I leave my friends in this life overspread with clouds and storms ; but this only tells them that there is a brighter world. When I am gone, you need not grieve, for I trust that I shall be free from the sorrows which are suffered here, and be happy in eternal rest. Let Jesus be your friend. O, he never fails ! He's true—he's true. He is all in all. You will find him so when you draw near to the gate of death. It is but the gate of immortality and eternal life. Does the grave look gloomy ? No—gleams of eternal light beam upon it. I know, I know it is my Jesus that visits me. I love him. He knows all things, he knows I love him. My soul wants to tell of his love. Like the eagle that chafes his bosom against his cage, and looks upward, it longs to clap its immortal wings. If I had a thousand tongues I could not begin my Saviour's praise. I shall delight to fall at

his feet. Soon I hope to be there. Happy friends, who have lately departed. They are now bending over the battlements of heaven, engaged as well in ministering to their fellow-spirits as in adoring their Maker.' After a strain of reflections, he added, 'Glorious thought! glorious thought! If such views can fill the mind in this mortal tabernacle, what will be seen by the emancipated and glorified spirit! O blessed Jesus, how thou didst love us, when thou didst stretch forth thine arm—the arm of thy divinity—over a fallen world! O love—infinite love—how great thy mercy to fallen man!'

"To brother Tucker, the preacher in charge, who came in, he said, 'O brother Tucker, I'm happy—I can hardly think of the grave, my mind is so carried upward.'

"Wednesday evening, April 7, was a season of great interest. Brother Tucker was providentially in, and several of the family and relatives were in the room. Brother T. sung the words, 'All is well,' &c. Brother Jennison joined with rapture, and as loud as his strength would permit. After the singing of another hymn, three of us prayed, and it was a season of special profit. Brother J. seemed to desire to fly immediately to heaven.

"I think it was the next morning that he made some remarks upon his college studies. He thought then that his end might not be so near as it had seemed, and that he might live several days. He was very weak in body, but his mind was active, and he made some re-

marks upon the influence of religion on any honest course of life. His language was somewhat as follows: 'God will bless intellectual efforts made with pure motives. Religion will benefit us intellectually, and for this reason: The man who is truly religious will do everything right as far as he can. He will consult the laws of his nature, which can no more be disregarded with impunity than the moral laws of God. Such a man will live temperately, and keep himself in a fit state for the right exercise of his faculties. He will also look at the moral bearings of intellectual employments.' He said that during his college course he had endeavoured to do what would be for a good end, and had earnestly prayed that all his attainments might be sanctified, and concluded, 'I take no glory to myself, be it remembered; for after I have done some things in some measure successfully, I have knelt down, and told my Saviour that all the glory was his.'"

A letter to his uncles, Messrs. Ira and Salem Felch, of Michigan, of which the following is a copy, was written partly by himself, but chiefly at his dictation, on one of the days just mentioned, and in the same spirit of Christian composure, resignation, and hope, as breathes through the conversations recorded by Mr. Nutting:—

"Natick, April 7, 1841.

"DEAR RELATIVES,—The last time I addressed you from this place was on the occa-

sion of the death of your departed mother. Yes, she went without beholding her dear ones far away. I am now in the same chamber, but under different circumstances. Then I was in health, but now I am writing my *last* lines to you, prostrated upon a bed of sickness, which will carry me down to my narrow home before it would be possible to see your faces. I had hoped to see you again in the flesh, but that hope has fled.

“ You may visit your friends at the time you stated, but you can only have the privilege of visiting the graves of your mother, and now wasting friend. Standing by the grave of your departed mother, you can listen to the requiem which the pines near by sing over her sleeping dust, and feel deep emotions, and drop tears of mourning because you see her face no more. Having stood thus for awhile, you may lift your bedewed eyes, and look a little northward, and behold a new-made grave, in which will be the remains of this frail body. Thither you may go, and stand as before, saying, ‘ Here lie the youthful remains of ——,’ and consider that the pine-grove stands the sentinel of the place, moaning the requiem of the departed. Nature—sympathetic nature—may prompt you to drop the tear of sorrow that your friends have gone, and that you see them no more. But you mourn not as those who have no hope. Friends, look not into the grave for your departed ones ; for naught will be there save the mouldering dust ; but, standing by their respective graves,

look upward, and, through your falling tears, trace their departed spirits to that bright abode. As you are gazing heavenward, contrast the place of their abode with that of their earthly residence, and then say, whether, amid your tears and twining affections, you would call them back. 'No,' methinks I hear you respond, 'mouldering dust, slumber on till the morning of the resurrection, when at the sound of the archangel's trumpet thou shalt come forth immortal and etherealized, according to the power of Christ, for he is the resurrection and the life.'

"Returning, though with a lingering look, you mingle with your living relatives, and talk over the scene. And here I must leave you, noticing the objects with which we have been formerly familiar.

"Fail not, dear friends, to live a life devoted to the cause of Christ, that the comforts of religion may be yours in the hours of prosperity, and that they may console you in the hours of adversity; then, having thus lived, you can come down to your dying bed without the fear of death or the grave, while we shall greet your unprisoned spirits above. Now, while I must close, I would pronounce upon you my last and dying blessing, and say, Farewell! farewell!"

In this month he received a letter from the university, written by several members of his class, in which they express the highest regard

and tenderest sympathy for him. To this many-voiced and affectionate epistle, Mr. Jen-nison's father wrote the following answer at his dictation :—

“Natick, April 28, 1841.

“DEAR BROTHER SAVAGE,—Permit me to address a few lines to you, and through you to the senior class, of which my dear son is yet a member. Being too feeble to write himself he has requested me to answer, at his dictation, the long and affectionate letter yourself and several others had the kindness to send him a few days since.

“‘Tell them,’ he says, ‘I should like to fill that “vacant seat,” and mingle with them. The scenes passed in Middletown are still fresh in my memory, but I can no more engage in those pleasant pursuits. I hope they will finish their course with success. Although they tear themselves away from the scenes they have witnessed, and the days they have spent with so much pleasure, and, standing upon the threshold of their future career, behold the fair prospects before them, I would meekly say to them, “Tread with cautious steps your course, remembering your responsibility to God and to man.” Tell them we have often listened to the instructions of our departed president as he stood before us—the ambassador of God—urging upon us the importance of early piety, assuring us that the possession of piety is the only means by which we can meet the end of

our being. Tell them, I am fast verging to the grave; this fact brings to the test the religion which I embraced in my youthful days. I find that it is a reality in disrobing death of its terrors, and dispelling the gloom of the grave—a reality in opening to view the scenes of a glorious eternity. This experience presses home the conviction that the Bible is a revelation from God, that the truths it unfolds will be realized and known as the truths of God; it would be wisdom, therefore, to take it as the man of our counsel, and the guide of our life, for, as Pollok says, it is the only star which lights us to eternity.

“‘Suddenly and unexpectedly I left your society, therefore with but few did I shake the parting hand. A few pleasant weeks had rolled away at my new situation when the relentless hand of disease seized upon my vigorous frame. During six long months or more it has confined me to a sick chamber and a wearisome couch; hope of recovery has long since fled. Reposing, therefore, on the atonement of the Saviour, I trust soon to be handed safely down to the tomb, which will give a sweet resting place to the body, for Jesus has there pillowed his head. This weary, wasting body, forbids my longer dictation. Though broken and desultory have been my remarks, they have been offered as from my dying lips, with the hope that they may prove a memento to my class-mates of my regard for their interest and welfare.

“ ‘Now, dear and beloved class-mates, prostrated upon a dying bed, expecting every day to close my eyes on the receding world, I affectionately pronounce to you respectively my LAST FAREWELL.’ Affectionately yours,

“ I. JENNISON.”

Though exceedingly weak, he continued to linger on these mortal shores till June. We are favoured with records of his sayings on the 2d and 6th of June, made by his endeared friend, Miss M. P. C. The following were his remarks, June 2 :--

“ After having been moved from one couch to another, and taken a little rest, he gave vent to his feelings as follows : looking at me, who was the only one present, he said, ‘Is it not wonderful that I continue so long ? Is it not ?’ I replied, ‘Yes.’ ‘The pain and anguish of my poor body, when will they cease ? O, I should love to quit this house of clay this moment, and fly to my *home*—but I will wait with *patience* till my appointed time shall come. Jesus ! O how precious ! All is well, all is well ! I rest on the bosom of my Jesus. Though the dark waters of death try with all their power to overflow me, yet *Jesus* will stand by me, and bear me through, and land me safely on the opposite shore. Yes, I will rest in his arms, and lean on his bosom.’

“ ‘Dear friend, weep not for me. Wipe away those falling tears. Yes, wipe them away. All is well ! Trust in God, he will

be with you, and sustain you. Be like Mary, and let thy tears fall on thy Saviour's feet. I must bid *you* and *all* my dear friends adieu. It would be pleasant to live awhile longer with them, if it were the will of God, but it seems that it is not. I would, therefore, relinquish *all* that binds me to life, and say, Thy will be done. I want to go *home*. When will Jesus bid me come? Soon. Heaven! how inviting! it creates a smile. [And that smile was beautified with silent tears.] I can but smile, while such views of heaven and glory are opened before me. The fear of death is taken away, it has *no sting*; the grave has *no victory*!

“ ‘What but religion can support in the last conflict? Nothing, nothing. There is not an infidel in the world, who, if placed in my situation, could say, *ALL is well*. O, I wish ten thousand of them were around my bed, I would tell of the truth of religion, and of its power to save in the last moment! I would tell it to all the world if I had lungs. Yes, praise the Lord, praise the Lord! O that I had strength to tell more of his wondrous love! But soon I shall praise him with immortal lungs which will never tire.’

“Speaking of his funeral services, he said, ‘O that God would give the speaker a message to the people, as if from the dead *I had risen* to declare the truth of the Bible, for I wish to preach till the rattling earth shall cover my crumbling body.’”

In a similar strain of triumphant faith and

ecstatic hope were his remarks on the 6th of June.

“‘O when will my pilgrimage end?’ His uncle, who was sitting near by, replied, ‘Soon.’ ‘Dear uncle, I can never repay you for your repeated kindnesses to me. I should like to live to reward you and all my dear friends. Yes, I have much to invite me to stay, but I must sunder the tender fibres which form the strong cord that binds me to life, for the supreme Being, who has a greater claim upon my affections than you, bids me quit these mortal shores, and fly to my mansion in heaven. The spring with all its verdant beauty attracts me to earth, but a stronger attraction draws me to heaven; for here, though all nature may appear beautiful for awhile, yet its beauty soon fades away—but,

“There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.”

Here are trees laden with the fruits of the earth, pleasant hills, and gentle rills, and brooks which wind their way through the verdant vales toward the mighty ocean; and now and then in the distance we behold a towering mountain. But there peer the majestic heads of the lofty mountains of immortality, o’ertopped with angels, and with trees richly laden with the fruits of eternal life; while at their base roll placidly along the rivers of love, whose surfaces reflect the image and glory of God, and make glad the holy city. These streams never will fail; there we may drink and drink again, and

ever find new and fresh supplies. O, how charming the view ! I long to be there ! I want to go up and see good old Enoch, who walked with God three hundred years ; what steady faith !—and faithful Abraham—the patriarchs—the prophets—the holy apostles—the martyrs—and all those who have gone up out of much tribulation—and my old acquaintances who have gone before me, and are now, perhaps, bending o’er the battlements of heaven, viewing the present scene, and waiting their commission to convey *my spirit home*. Yes, I want to see them, and shake hands with them all ; but above all these, I want to go to my Saviour, and sit down with him on his throne, where I can praise him for ever.

“ ‘O, I would not live alway. I wish I could praise him here, but my lungs fail me ; but when I shall take my immortal lungs, then there will be nothing to interrupt my joy. There the Sun of righteousness will for ever shine. No need of the light of the sun or moon in that bright world above, for the Lamb is the light thereof. I should love to talk longer, but this cumbrous clay forbids.’ ”

Thus spiritualized in his views and feelings, thus active in mind, thus filled with glorious hope, thus triumphantly awaiting his release, he seemed ready at any moment to bound upward when death should sever the last brittle thread of life. As has been seen, his sickness was exceedingly protracted, and so also was the last conflict. He was in a dying state for two

or three days—but his patience, his confidence, and his rejoicing forsook him not to the last. The final scene at length arrived, which has been so affectingly and graphically described by the pen of his affianced friend, as happily to supersede the necessity of any description of my own. We will allow her to narrate the circumstances just as she has recorded them for her own gratification.

“Mine,” says she, “was the privilege of spending a few weeks in the sick and dying chamber of a dear friend, and of administering to his wants as far as was in my power. I say a privilege; it was so, notwithstanding my hopes of this life were soon to be buried beneath the oblivious wave of death, for the chamber where he met his fate was ‘quite in the verge of heaven.’

“I will now attempt to detail a few particulars connected with the sickness and death of this dying Christian. O, that I had power to portray in vivid colours the beauties of religion, and its glorious victory over death and the grave as exhibited in this dying scene!

“Friday, P. M., June 11.—After nearly eight months of suffering, came the *last, long,* and *severe* conflict, nature yielding at length to her cruel and unconquerable foe. Friends stood by the bedside watching, with intense anxiety, the dire result, and ready to perform the last sad offices that remained to be done while there was existence; before us lay the wasting form of him who a few months before

was firm and vigorous. Death had already commenced his work; the pallid cheek, the sunken eye, the marble chill upon his clayey feet, told us that the spirit could not long inhabit its earthly tenement. But the soul, how peaceful—calm as summer's eve! A smile was upon his countenance when told that it was death. But the spirits who were waiting their commission to bear him *home* had not yet received their message. Thus he continued until Saturday, when his suffering became more severe. We placed him in a chair to give him some relief, if possible, soon after which he began to address his surrounding friends, (we supposed for the last time,) as follows:—‘My dear friends, I must bid you adieu. My dear parents, farewell! May Heaven bless you abundantly for your fostering care over your now dying son; farewell! Brothers and sisters, farewell! I want to meet you in heaven, and may the Lord bless you. My dear uncles, farewell! your kindness I can never repay, but God will bless you. My dearest friend, standing here by my side, farewell, farewell! I cannot make any return for your unwearied attention to me, but may the best of Heaven's blessings rest upon you. Trust in God, he will protect you through life, and finally give you a mansion in heaven. Shed not a tear for me, for it will be but a short time ere we shall meet again. Now, my dear friends, weep not for me, all is well! But weep for yourselves, weep for yourselves;

prepare for death! I cannot endure much longer. O, I want to go *home* to-day! I wish I could go this *hour*, yes, this *moment*! O, Lord Jesus, come, come quickly, and bear me *home*! Why is thy chariot so long in coming? Speed its wheels, for I want to fly away. But if thou art not ready to take me now, give me grace and patience to endure longer. Yes, I will be patient till thou dost call me.'

"We removed him to his couch again, when it seemed as if life was nearly extinct. But this languishing only preceded a brighter display of mental powers, and a partial restoration of the body. Notwithstanding this meteor light, death was evidently making progress, slow, but sure. The pains of an upward, gradual death, became more and more intense. But the chariot had not yet arrived, its wheels still rolled tardily; (waiting, perhaps, that the passenger might be made perfect through suffering;) and thus another day passed: and lo! the sabbath appeared—emblem of rest—and to our friend it was the day in which all his conflicts were to end in an *eternal rest*. I said to him, 'I think you will go home to-day.' 'Do you?' 'Yes.' 'O, dear Saviour, come. *Do* you think I am dying?' (It had been so long since death began its work he feared it might not be death.) 'Yes,' I replied. 'Uncle, do *you* think so?' 'Yes.' 'But *when* will the hour come? When, O *when*? My friends, why do you hold me here? *Pray* that I may go soon.' He closed his eyes, but soon opened them, and, with a

kind of joyful surprise, said, 'I thought some one *opened* the cage,' but in this he was disappointed. About 10 A. M. his father said to him, 'Isaac, I think you will be in glory before noon.' He looked up, 'Father, *do* you think so?' 'Yes.' 'O, that is too good news.' Soon after he embraced all that were present for the *last* time. O, the chill of those dying lips! I cannot describe the sensation produced—it is better imagined. But what composure in him, while friends could hardly restrain their emotions! The sun had crossed the meridian, but he still lingered. Said he, 'I have not those ecstatic joys that some have had; I suppose it is because I am not able to bear them; but I am *perfectly calm*, not a fear or a doubt. Jesus will bear me safely through the dark waters.'

"1 P. M.—While I was looking at his hand, he inquired if there were any signs of advancing death. I told him there were. 'Good news,' said he. Soon after, he inquired if it made any progress. 'Yes,' I said.' He raised his hand, carefully surveyed the blood settling under the nails, and laid it by his side, and while a smile played upon his countenance, exclaimed, 'O, yes; well, no matter how fast.' He then closed his eyes for a short time, during which it seemed as if the heavenly host were hovering over the scene; and it was reality to him, for he soon raised his heavenly eye, and said, 'I see *bright visions—glorious views*; the *angels* are coming—they are coming *now*, and

Jesus is with them.' These were the last words he distinctly uttered ; but he answered many questions by the pressure of the hand, which gave us sufficient evidence that these views continued until the last. And then the mild, upward gaze of the eye, its pupil so expanding at the new beauties it discovered, as to cover nearly the whole of the iris, told us that his spirit was about entering the celestial city ; at the same time his lips gave utterance to such language as mortal beings could not interpret. A moment—and all was over ; that voice which spake as from the dead had ceased—a solemn, endless pause.

“ ‘ Extinct was the animal flame.’ The spirit had reached its long-sought *home*. Naught was left but the cold, clayey tabernacle : alas, how void ! Though we rejoiced to see his *sufferings* end, yet when the thought with its full force came over the mind that he was *gone*, for ever *gone* from our society, a rush of inexpressible sorrow and anguish swept over us like an overwhelming torrent. But grief must be assuaged—there were other duties to perform. We closed those heaven-beaming eyes, raised the fallen chin, and sat down—to what ? O, let those who have parted with friends before, answer. A solemn silence ensued. But no more.

‘ *Gone, gone, but not lost !* ’ ”

“ On the Tuesday succeeding his decease,”

says the biographical notice already quoted, "his remains were carried to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the town, where an eloquent and impressive discourse was delivered to a large and attentive audience, by Rev. David Patten, principal of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, from Job xiv, part of the 14th verse, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' After the services of the church were closed, the body was conveyed to the place of deposit in the grave-yard, there to sleep till the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall awake it from its slumbers."

Thus ended the short career of this devoted disciple of Christ. How blessedly did he "die in the Lord!" What power in the gospel which can thus elevate the soul, in the hour of nature's extremity, above the pains of the body, the agony of death, and the gloominess of the grave, filling it with transporting views of the heavenly world!

How infinitely superior his death to the calmest and bravest death of the infidel! Rousseau could wish the windows of his chamber thrown open, that he might behold and admire, for the last time, the varied and verdant beauties of nature, and gaze with pleasure on the golden splendours of the setting sun; but no "better land," no "everlasting spring," no "eternal day," animated his dying vision. While, as we have seen, young Jennison retained to the last his delight in scenes of earthly beauty,

he was more powerfully attracted upward by the brighter, and the enduring glories of heaven.

There seems to have been something peculiarly appropriate to his habits of thought and feeling in the season of the year, and the day of the week, when death closed his earthly prospects, and when he ascended to "fairer worlds on high." The spring, the advanced spring, had always filled him with pleasure. Its verdure, its flowers, and its many voices, charmed him with a poet's love, and were to him beautiful images of the spiritual delights of paradise. He had always loved the sabbath—type of heavenly and endless rest. The sabbath, and especially its closing hours, had been to him a season of rapturing and holy thought. Its setting sun had often reminded him of the tranquil and confident death of the Christian; its twilight hour was spent in musings on heavenly scenes, contrasted with the transitoriness of time. Two marked events in his history occurred near the same hour with that in which he finished his earthly pilgrimage. It was about five o'clock on the evening of the 14th of September, 1833, when he experienced deliverance from the guilt and power of sin; and it was about sunset on the 6th of September, 1838, when he made the entire consecration of himself to God, and received the evidence of perfect love. It was about six o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th of June that he ceased

from the pains and toils of mortal life, and entered into his heavenly rest. His sun set in unearthly splendour, and he spent the twilight hour of earth in "sacred, high, eternal noon" above, realizing the fulfilment of all his heavenly anticipations. Happy spirit! may we haste to join thee where "faith is lost in sight, and hope in full fruition." Blessed Saviour, "be thou our guide while life shall last," our shield in death, our portion for ever. Amen.

THE END.

